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Wm Bronsdon 23 10 06

A Wreck and a Rescue.

On a wild night in the month of March, 1888, the British barque 'W. J. Stairs,' from Liverpool to New York, struck on the beach at Long Branch, directly opposite Bath-avenue. A strong north-easter was blowing at the time, and a great swelling sea was breaking with tremendous fury on the shore.

It was nine o'clock at night when the vessel first struck, and the sails were immediately hauled round to try and drive her off shore. It was of no use. No power on earth could save her in such a position, on such a night, with such a sea. One great monster billow broke over her and away went boats, bulwarks, masts, spars, rigging and all in one fearful crash into the ocean.

Then began the fearful struggle for life on the part of the helpless crew. Thirteen men and a cabin boy were clinging to the wreck. At first they had tried to launch a boat, but it was crushed like an egg-shell. Then they gathered on the poop deck, holding fast to anything that would save them from being swept away.

Then, seemingly all together, they lifted up their voices in one long, loud, bitter cry of anguish and despair for help. Above the roar of the tempest, above the crash of the breaking timbers, above the shouts of the life-saving captain and crew on the bluff, you could hear that heartrending shriek cut from the dark black whirpool of death: 'Help, help, help!'

The captain of the life-savers said to me in the morning: 'I have passed through some wild scenes in my life, but never anything like the voices of those men on the wreck while for the time being we were helpless to save them.'

The pitchy darkness of the night was too great to permit the wreck to be seen from the shore. The first imperative duty of the savers is to get a line shot from the shore to the ship. This is effected by making a line fast to an eye-bolt of a shell or cylinder which is fired from a mortar over the vessel so as to fall directly on some part of the wreck.

To this line is secured a tally board with directions printed in different languages, so that the perishing men may know instantly just what to do. But, alas, through the long terrible night there was no light possible for the poor sailors on the doomed ship. And so those on the wreck and their rescuers on shore awaited with unspeakable suspense the blessed breaking of the day which meant life or death to so many.

And at last it came! The merest, feeblest, faintest streak of light, far away yonder over the angry ocean, but what a messenger of mercy it was to all those watchers for the morning! It was an awful sight that greeted them. The strong, stately ship of the night before was literally a 'total wreck.'

The ceaseless pounding of the sea had broken her into three separate sections. The bow section had been driven one way, the stern another, while the middle part had careened over on its beam ends. On this middle section thirteen men were clinging with a death clutch to such scraps of rigging or rope as were left.

The little cabin boy had lost his grip during the night and perished in the surf. Now came the supreme moment they had all waited for so long. Through the dim haze of the early morn, and the blinding spray of the sea, the gun was aimed, the shell fired, and the line fastened to the wreck. Then the stronger hawser was fixed and tightened by the windlass, and the life-saving buoy sent over. Then, one by one, each in the same way as every other, captain and coxswain alike, were saved.

My memory never goes back to that scene of wreck and rescue without thinking what a striking picture it was of the way of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Take that hopeless vessel in the breakers as a picture of our poor humanity, wrecked by sin, and the sailors clinging to the wreck, even while it was splitting in fragments about them, as a picture of multitudes of men clinging to self and sin and perishing things, even while they know they are perishing.

And take the life-saving buoy, provided by the government for just that purpose, as the fitting symbol of God's provision for a lost world in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Taking all this together we have almost a perfect picture of salvation by grace.

The Evil of Taking Offence.

To give offence is a great fault, but to take offence is a greater fault. It implies a greater amount of wrongness in ourselves, and it does a greater amount of mischief to others. I do not remember to have read of any saint who ever took offence. The habit of taking offence implies a quiet pride which is altogether unconscious how proud it is. The habit of taking offence implies also a fund of uncharitableness deep down in us, which grace and interior mortification have not reached. Contemporaneously with the offence we have taken there has been some wounded feeling or other in an excited state within us. When we are in good humor we do not take offence.

Is it often allowable to judge our neighbor? Surely we know it to be the rarest thing possible. Yet we cannot take offence without, first, forming a judgment; secondly, forming an unfavorable judgment; thirdly, deliberately entertaining it as a motive power; and, fourthly, doing all this, for the most part, in the subject-matter of piety, which in nine cases out of ten our obvious ignorance withdraws from our jurisdiction.

A thoughtless or a shallow man is more likely to take offence than any other. He can conceive of nothing but what he sees upon the surface. He has but little self-knowledge, and hardly suspects the variety or complication of his own motives. Much less, then, is he likely to divine in a discerning way the hidden causes, the hidden excuses, the hidden temptations, which may lie, and always do lie, behind the actions of others.

Readiness to take offence is a great hindrance to the attainment of perfection. It hinders us in the acquisition of self-knowledge. No one is so blind to his own faults

as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others. A man who is apt to take offences is never a blithe nor a genial man. He is not made for happiness; and was ever a melancholy man made into a saint? A downcast man is raw material which can only be manufactured into a very ordinary Christian.

If it is not quite the same thing with censoriousness, who shall draw the line between them? Furthermore, it destroys our influence with others. We irritate where we ought to enliven. To be suspected of want of sympathy is to be disabled as an apostle. He who is critical will necessarily be unpersuasive.

In what does perfection consist? In a childlike, shortsighted charity which believes all things; in a grand, supernatural conviction that every one is better than ourselves; in estimating far too low the amount of evil in the world; in looking far too exclusively on what is good; in the ingenuity of kind constructions; in our inattention, hardly intelligible, to the faults of others; in a graceful perversity of incredulousness about scandal or offence. This is the temper and genius of saints and saint-like men. It is a radiant, energetic faith that man's slowness and coldness will not interfere with the success of God's glory. No shadow of moroseness ever falls over the bright mind of a saint. Now, is not all this the very opposite of the temper and spirit of a man who is apt to take offence? The difference is so plain that it is needless to comment on it. He is happy who on his dying bed can say, 'No one has ever given me offence in my life.' He has either not seen his neighbor's faults, or, when he saw them, the sight had to reach him through so much sunshine of his own that they did not strike him so much as faults to blame, but rather as reasons for a deeper and a tenderer love.—Frederick William Faber.

True Love.

Love that asketh love again,
Finds the barter naught but pain;
Love that giveth its full store,
Aye receives as much and more.

Love exacting nothing back,
Never knoweth any lack;
Love compelling love to pay
Sees him bankrupt every day.

—Selected.

Sweetbriar.

There is a story of a young woman (says Dr. J. R. Miller) who was spending the day with a party of friends in the country, rambling through the woods and among the hills. Early in the morning she picked up a piece of sweetbriar and put it in her bosom. She soon forgot that it was there, but all day long, wherever she went, she smelled the spicy fragrance, wondering whence it came. On every woodland path she found the same odor, though no sweetbriar was growing there. On bare fields and rocky knolls, and in deep gorges, as the party strolled about, the air seemed laden with the sweet smell. The other members of the party had their handfuls of wild flowers, but the one fragrance that filled the air for her was the sweetbriar. As the party went home in the boat she thought, 'Someone must have a bouquet of sweetbriar,' not dreaming that it was she who had it.

Late at night, when she went to her room, there was the handful of sweetbriar tucked away in her dress, where she had put it in the morning, and where, unconsciously, she had carried it all day. 'How good it would be,' she said to herself as she closed her eyes, 'if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast that everyone I meet should seem lovely.'

The incident suggests the secret of a beautiful, Christ-like life. The only way to be sure of making all our course in life a path of sweetness is to carry fragrance in our own life. Then, on the bleakest roads, where not a flower blooms, we shall still walk in perfumed air, the perfume carried in our own heart. We find anywhere what we take with us. If our hearts are sweet, patient, gentle, loving, we shall find sweetness, patience, gentleness, and lovingness wherever we go. But if our hearts are bitter, jealous, suspicious, we find bitterness, jealousy, and suspicion on every path. If you have sweetbriar tucked away in your bosom, you will discover the fragrance of sweetbriar on every person you come near to. This is the secret of the fine art some people possess of always finding good and beauty in others. They have goodness and beauty in themselves.

That Cough in Church.

Did you ever notice how much sympathy has to do with what may be styled the church cough? Usually it becomes epidemic instead of sporadic about the time that the preacher announces his text. Off in one corner a solitary old lady or gentleman or a child begins by a timid cough, succeeded instantly by another and more persistent one in the pew opposite, and presently there is a concerted movement all over the church until it seems as if half the congregation were afflicted with a distressing cold. The minister's beginning is impressive and calculated to arrest attention and fix wandering thoughts, but his work is rendered exceedingly difficult by the chorus insistent, hoarse and vehement that goes on with slight intermissions for ten or fifteen minutes, before it subsides into silence. There are many people who are compelled to cough and who may be pardoned because they cannot help themselves, but in a multitude of instances a slight effort of will would control the disposition, purely sympathetic and imitative as it is, and make the task of preacher and hearer much easier. Unless one absolutely cannot surpress it, a cough is unpardonable, in a public place.—'Intelligencer.'

The Missionary Ax.

One day a missionary was preaching in the city of Benares. The large crowd was civil and attentive. At length a Brahman said:

'Look at those men, and see what they are doing.'

'They are preaching to us,' replied the people.

'True. What has the sahib in his hand?'

'The New Testament.'

'Yes, the New Testament. But what is that? I will tell you. It is the Gospel ax, into which a European handle has been put. If you come to-day you will find them cutting; if you come to-morrow you will find them doing the same. And at what are they cutting? At our noble tree of Hinduism—at our religion. It has taken thousands of years for the tree to take root in the soil of Hindustan; its branches spread all over India; it is a noble, glorious tree. But these men come daily with the Gospel ax in their hand. But it is helpless. The Gospel ax is applied daily, and although the tree is large and strong, it must give way at last.'

'True,' replied the missionary, 'but many a one breaks and it takes a long time until a new one is obtained from Europe.'

'Ah,' he answered, 'if that were all it would be well enough, and the tree would have respite; but what is the real case? No sooner does a handle find it can no longer swing the ax; am I to give up cutting? No, indeed! He getting worn out; I can no longer swing the ax; am I to give up cutting No, indeed! He walks up to the tree, looks at it, and says, "Here is a branch out of which a handle might be made."

'Up goes the ax, down comes the branch; it is soon shaped into a handle; the European handle is taken out, and the native handle put in, and the swinging commences afresh. At last the tree will be cut down by handles made of its own branches.'—'Our Young Folks.'

The Indestructable Book.

'I once met a thoughtful scholar,' says Bishop Whipple, who told me that for years he had read every book which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things:

'"First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide, and leave me stone blind.

'"Second. I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an Unseen Arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream.

'"Second. I have three motherless daughters"—and he said it with tears in his eyes. "They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them to this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the gospel."'

Perhaps there are other persons who would do well to think of these three things. Infidels think they can destroy the Bible. What of it? Many good things have been destroyed. A child can smash a crystal vase, which all the power of men could never restore. An incendiary can, with a match that does not cost a hundredth part of a penny, burn down a palace on which thousands of men have toiled for years. A slanderer can smirch a spotless name with stains that may never be effaced; but what is gained by such exploits? Infidels have vainly tried for ages to destroy the Bible and Christianity. They have not succeeded. Suppose they now give us a rest, and go to work and produce some better book and some better religion.—'Armory.

The Social Agency.

We beg our Sunday school teachers and officers to consider and employ the social agency for influence with members of the school. The Sunday school as a whole should have social gatherings—once a quarter would not be too often. The officers and teachers and the members of the Sunday school committee should come together socially once a month. An evening gathering, with light refreshments, followed by a round table discussion of Sunday school problems, will maintain and cultivate an 'esprit de corps' as perhaps nothing else will do. And the teacher who will frequently arrange in his or her own home, or in the home of some member of the class, for social gatherings, will, if faithful in other things, have open way to the hearts of all the scholars.—The 'Sunday School Journal.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Mrs. J. S. Turnbull, Galt, $1.00; Norman McInnes, Milan, $1.00; Mrs. J. S. Brown, Paris, $5.00; Peter Armstrong, (Cot Fund), 26c.; Mrs. Jack, Chateauguay Basin, $2.00; Mrs. Eliza Trenaman, Burford, $1.00; One Who Wishes to Help, $5.00; total, $15.26.

Our Maple Leaf Campaign.

This week's orders for our fine enamel maple leaf brooches and pins show that the quality of the article we send out is fully appreciated. Nova Scotia heads the list this week, but from all quarters the orders for samples are being rapidly followed by school orders, and in some cases a repeat, closely following, shows clearly that the enthusiasm is spreading. A small school in Apple Hill, Ont., orders almost en masse, as the following extract from their teacher's letter shows:—

Apple Hill, Ont., April 13, 1906.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal:

Sirs,—Please find enclosed the sum of two dollars. . . . After having a short discussion on the offer made in your papers, my pupils decided that they could not wait to see a sample pin, but thought from the reputation of the 'Witness,' that they were safe in ordering pins at once, for the celebration of Empire Day, and so the required amounts were handed in to me, they asking that I should order the pins for them. Nineteen out of twenty-six pupils ordered pins. Send the 'Witness and Homestead' and 'Messenger,' to... .. ..(List following).

Yours respectfully,

(MISS) L. VIOLET MARJERRISON.
Teacher.

This is but one of the many schools throughout the country for whom, what with maple leaf pins, silk Union Jacks and provincial badges, Empire Day will this year mean more than ever it has done in the past, and with but little outlay or effort. Small country schools have every chance in this matter to be fully abreast of large schools in busy centres.

See to it that your school gets its supply at once. See our advertisement on another page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

'Keep A-goin.'

('Western Christian Union.')

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crops,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
'S'pose you're out of every dime?
Gettin' broke ain't no crime,
Tell the world you're feelin' fine.
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup.
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singin' sing,
Keep a-goin'!

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

'Like nothing better, if you recommend their characters. I could have hired plenty of strays, but I will have men I know to be decent. No moral pestilence for me. I've my own boys and other boys here, and I can't spoil their morals for a little grass; nor will I risk having my barns burnt down by a set that drink on the sly.'

'I'll guarantee both these,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

'Then stay is the word, if you like,' said the farmer. 'I'll give board and washing, a dollar a day to the boy, and a dollar and a quarter to the man; and I'll want you two weeks. Now, my rules are, steady work in work hours, no swearing, no quarrelling, and I'll do the best I can for you.'

'I reckon we'll pull together, guv'nor,' said Rasmus; and they all went to the house.

The top of the house was a huge, airy garret, with plenty of windows in the roof. It was divided into two great rooms, each with four clean, good beds. Each person in the room had a bureau drawer, and four pegs for his clothes. Behind the kitchen was a shed, with great stone troughs or basins of running water, where toilets were performed by the aid of unlimited brown soap, and plenty of clean roller-towels. Rasmus said 'these things just met his idees.' Rodney felt as if he would have preferred a room to himself, and a private dressing apparatus, but he took with a good grace the accommodations that were going. Opening out of the kitchen was a long room, the floor painted yellow, the walls as white as fresh lime could make them; in this room a long table, covered with a brown linen cloth, and surrounded by some twenty chairs; here, the great farm family took their meals in common. The farmer and his wife sat side by side at the upper end of the table, their daughters next them on either hand, then their sons, then Mr. Llewellyn, and the hired hands. After supper, the farmer pushed back his chair from the table, reached for his Bible from a shelf, and had prayers. Before each meal he stood up, and with lifted hand, asked a blessing. The table was bountifully provided, and all the household seemed contented. The evening Rodney arrived, the farmer's wife, who took a great fancy to his handsome face, openly declaring he 'was far prettier than any girl she had,' asked if he had any thinner clothes than he was wearing.

Rodney said he had not.

'Well, my youngest boy outgrew two good, linen suits, a couple of years ago, and they've been cumbering up my closet ever since. You'll wear them, or you'll melt in the harvest-field, and can't half work.'

The third night after the work began the farmer, Mr. Wells, said at supper:—

'Now, boys, all, to-morrow we mean to start work fifteen minutes earlier, and have fifteen minutes less at noon, and work as lively as we can, and quit work at quarter after five, for I want to take you all to the village in two big waggons, to a temperance meeting. We want our side to turn out strong, for we are going to try for local prohibition, and there's those as will fight against it hard. Our friend, Mr. Llewellyn, here, will make us a speech, and we'll see if we can't bowl down the doggeries for a while. Once we have tried it, and proved the value of it, lightening taxes, and stopping crime, and improving health and safety, I make sure common-sense will keep it up for us.'

The next day this programme was carried out, and all the big family of the farm went off in two great hay waggons, to the temperance meeting. Farmer Weld was chairman of the meeting, and, as he indicated, there was a strong party of opposers to local option, or local prohibition. When the discussion was well opened, Mr. Weld called upon 'his learned friend, Mr. Llewellyn for a speech'; and as Mr. Llewellyn came on the platform, Mr. Weld added sotto voce, 'and let fly at 'em well with statistics.' Mr. Llewellyn, therefore, chiefly devoted himself to the figures of the occasion. He said, among other things:

'The cost of intoxicating drink, last year, was over eight hundred millions. The money spent by consumers on drink, each year, is nine hundred millions; and the losses in time, material, injuries, crimes, fires, and so on, arising from drink, reach nine hundred millions more. Seven hundred thousand people waste half their working time in drink. Seventy million bushels of grain are destroyed yearly, in making intoxicating drinks. Profits on beer are as high as four hundred per cent. People say, "there is not bread enough." How can there be, when so much grain goes to liquor? It keeps bread dear. People say money is scarce. Why not, when nine hundred millions are yearly thrown away? That keeps men poor.'

One of the opposite party rose, and said that this was all very true: whiskey was a bad thing when badly used, and it could be very badly used, indeed. At the same time, we are free people, and every man must judge for himself, and we have no right to coerce our neighbors to follow our opinions. We are not children, whose hands must be tied, or from whom dangerous things must be set on high shelves. Whiskey wouldn't hurt those who let it alone, and every man could let it alone, if he liked. A man might get drunk, and hurt nobody. No one should be restrained of his liberty to get drunk, if he chose. If a man is such a fool, or knave, as to get drunk, just let him take the consequences.

When this speaker sat down, Rasmus leaped up, exclaiming:

'I want to talk! I'm just b'iling over, and I must speak, or bust!'

At this curious exordium there was a general laugh, and several waggish fellows cried, 'Go ahead, go ahead! Ladle it out!' while the chairman relieved himself of a difficulty as to who had the floor, by announcing, 'Mr. Rasmus.'

'I didn't come here to make a speech,' said Rasmus. 'I never made but one speech in my life, and that was such a good one, I meant never to make another, for fear I'd spoil all. But I can't stand what that last man said, 'cause it ain't so. He thinks it's so—he means well—but then, it ain't so. Now, he says, "Let it alone, and it won't hurt you"; and that's all foolishness, for whiskey's such a blunderin' critter, that it goes off like a gun, an' the one it most generally hits, ain't the one as is foolin' with it. Why, my land! There's a blessed old woman, hobblin' off to the poorhouse! She hates whiskey; she never touched a drop; she ought to have on a good, black gownd, and have knittin' in her hand, while she rocks the grandbaby's cradle with her foot; but her husband drank up their farm, and her son followed suit, and she, poor critter, hasn't home, nor gownds, nor chair, nor relations—trottin' off to the poorhouse, an' tears rollin' over her wrinkled face! I've see her! That there little lad, with yellow hair, never touched no whiskey, but whiskey broke his back for him, all the same. I knowed as temperance a farmer as Mr. Weld, and whiskey down a strange man's throat set all his barns and houses afire. Oh, don't tell me, let them as drinks take the consequences! Half the consequences falls on other folks. I tell you, when sons and husbands goes to the bad along of drink, it's many a innocent woman takes them there consequences. I've see barefoot babies shivering in little ragged gownds, all pinched up with hunger, on the winter street corners, takin' the consequences of father's and mother's grog. I've see big, red-faced men kickin' their wives, as part of the consequences of gin. I've seen great ravin' women tearin 'their children's hair, or drivin' little gals out of doors by night, to all the danger and badness of the streets, and on them little gals fell the consequences. An' jails, and hospitals, and almshouses, and asylums, and taxes, are consequences, and Mr. Weld says he has to help carry a heavy end of 'em. Where all these consequences falls is not fair, I says.'

Here Rasmus sat down, amid great applause.

'Rasmus,' said Rod, as they went home, 'I'll write Sally what an elegant speech you made.'

'Wasn't it good?' said the ingenuous Rasmus. 'I never thought I'd turn out so smart, did you, when you first knew me, dad?'

'You're a man of true genius,' said Rodney the hilarious.

'Rasmus' speech had these three great points of telling oratory,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'He had something to say; he said it clearly, and he stopped when he got done. Also, he knew what he was talking about—the "magna pars fui" of Virgil, is a very strong point in speech-making.'

'I vow,' said the gratified Rasmus, 'I didn't know I was putting any furrin tongues into it.'

CHAPTER XIII.

The Down Grade.

'I grant to the wise his meed,
But his yoke I will not brook,
For God taught me to read:
He lent me the world for a book.'

The haying was over at the Weld farm. The pockets of Rodney and Rasmus were replenished with righteous wages. Mr. Llewellyn, during his stay at the farm, had arranged much work, and now the party were ready to set forward once more. Rasmus, as usual, being a remarkably genial and vigorous worker when he had once made up his mind to undertake a thing, had an offer of a permanent place from the farmer. But he explained that he must go to New York and find his brother, and also Rodney's uncle, and if the uncle was not to be found he must look out for Rodney. The farmer's wife had set her heart on Rodney; every woman found a ready place in her affections for the handsome and courteous lad, who had that attractiveness which the French assign to a special species of individual, 'l'homme charmant.' Perhaps the secret was that Rodney was always immaculately neat, never uproarious, and never forgot his manners. Mrs. Weld said that if Rodney did not find his uncle he must let them know, and they would try and help him find some way to go to the academy, where their youngest son spent the winter. Mr. Llewellyn had examined Rodney's progress, and thought two years of such work as a boy of his physique should do, would fit him for college.

After the fortnight of delay, the freedom of the woods and roadsides seemed more beautiful than ever, and the eyes of the three travellers were open to every new and curious object on their route. Now that the weather was hot, and the travellers were hardened by weeks of outdoor life, they spent many nights in the open air, providing themselves merely the shelter of little booths of green branches. Sometimes a dismantled mill or a ruined barn gave them a sleeping place. Oftener than in the early part of the trip they bought food at the farms or corner-groceries, and cooked their meals in gipsy fashion by some stream. There was one glorious day, when the party came upon an encampment of the militia. They

were camped in a fair green field, just outside a pretty town, and at the foot of a range of hills. As Mr. Llewellyn and his two companions came from the woodlands upon the crest of the hill, they heard the music of fife and drum, and saw the military deploying beneath upon the plain. There had been a rain the previous day, and so while the ground had dried, there was no dust. Our party sat down on some jutting boulders to enjoy the spectacle. The white tents duly planted in rows, gleamed in the clear light: flags were flying; as the troops manoeuvred, the uniforms glittered in the sun like a river of silver, blue, and gold. Outside the camp were booths, where were knives, pins, kerchiefs, and other little wares for sale, and many more, where fruit, cakes, confectionary, lemonade, and other refreshments were offered.

'I wonder if I'd like to be a soldier,' said Rasmus.

'Those are not real soldiers, only milit'a,' said Rodney.

'It's all the same,' said Rasmus, 'only spelled various.'

'What do you think of them, Mr. Llewellyn?' asked Rodney.

'I heartily hope the day will come when the affairs of nations will be settled chiefly by arbitration,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'International law and political economy and finance are all studies tending to teach men the propriety and safety of settling controversies peaceably. Yet, as things are now constituted, if we had neither army nor navy, we should not be able to maintain our prestige at home or abroad. A large army would be a useless burden to a republic situated as ours is, and our standing army must only serve as the nucleus of a great army of citizen-soldiers, that our land could send forth in case of real need, as if a harvest of dragon's teeth. A nation of freemen should be a nation of soldiers, devoted to the arts of peace. Our generals and our statesmen should be as Cincinnatus, found standing between the handles of a plough.

'Though I don't mean to be a soldier, I like to see 'em and hear the music,' said Rasmus; 'and as it is a hot day for travelling, let us stop-over here. You'll always find enough to keep you busy, professor, and the boy and I can look at the soldiers. There's a nice little empty shanty back there, where we can set up housekeeping. I'll make leaf-beds in the corners, and there's a hearth to boil our kettle on.'

'Very good,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'a day's rest in addition to Sunday, is no disadvantage this weather.'

After the halt was arranged at the cabin, the beds provided while crisp and dry from the mid-morning heat, fuel provided for evening, and a swim enjoyed in a brook at the foot of the hills, Rasmus and Rodney set out for a nearer view of the camp. The hangers-on were as interesting to them as the militia. There were Italians with harps and violins; two Germans with a dancing-bear, an organ-grinder with a monkey or two, and a puppet-show. These, not permitted in the camp-ground, hung about the outskirts, and reaped shekels of the country people come to see the soldiers. Little boys were numerous, playing shinny, ball, or marbles, and asserting pre-emption rights to the land on which they had settled for their games.

'You look out, there, kicking my marbles! I won't vote for you when I get big if you act like that!' bawled a little lad to Rasmus, whose foot inadvertently displaced a big 'alley.'

Rasmus quailed before the power of the future voter.

'I wasn't expectin' to run for Gov'ner, but there's no tellin' what I may come to yet,' he said cheerfully, 'I didn't expect to be a learned man, and make speeches, but I've got that far on the up grade.'

Rodney, in his zeal to look inside one of the officers' tents, the open curtain of which showed some dazzling decorations, went farther and farther upon the sacred precincts, until he was gazing entranced at the paraphernalia wherewith a rich militia-captain of twenty-five, surrounds himself when he goeth forth to innocuous wars, and expects to be called upon in his glory by young lady friends. However, a pacing sentinel beheld the intruding Rodney, and cried at him:

'Away, you young rascal, or I will lock you up in the guard-house!'

At this awful threat, Rodney felt as if he had not legs enough to run with; but Rasmus, who was near, caught Rod by the shoulder, and retorted to the guard:

'He's doing no harm; don't turn yourself into a hornet, two yards long, just because he wants to look at things!'

A merry laugh from an approaching party greeted this championship, and a young lady cried out:

'O, what a pretty boy! How I wish I had his hair!'

'I am sure your own leaves nothing to be desired,' said her escort, the young captain, owner of the tent.

Rodney certainly made a very admirable appearance. When he left Mrs. Weld, she had presented him with a suit of white duck, that had formed, a year or two before, the Sunday splendor of her youngest son. She had washed and ironed it with her own hands, and her eldest daughter had further beautified it with one of her own blue neckties. Rodney had had no opportunity of wearing this dazzling array, until this 'training day,' when he had taken it from his valise, to the delight of Rasmus, who assured him that he 'looked as nobby as one of them soldiers.'

'What's the matter?' asked the captain, beholding the defiant air of Rasmus.

'There ain't nothin' the matter, only your soldier's been sassin' the boy,' said Rasmus.

'Strangers are not allowed inside the camp, without permission,' suggested the captain.

'Why didn't he say so, then, way back there, when he first came on, and he wouldn't have come where he wasn't wanted. Now, he threatens guard-house. Catch him!'

'There's no question of guard-house, and I am sure you did not intend to intrude: the sentry should have spoken in the proper place.'

'Plain enough why he didn't,' said Rasmus, looking wrath at the slim, dandified youth, playing soldier. 'He was strutting up and down, here, like a turkey on a front walk, think of himself, which is 'bout the same as thinking of himself, which is 'bout the same as thinking of nothin'.'

'Come, come, that will do,' said the captain, while the young lady who admired Rod's hair, had slyly beckoned him to come to her, and volunteered to show him all the glories of all the tents. Rasmus left the youth to his fortunate fates, and for an hour or two Rodney had fine times with his new friends, telling his experiences in the Ohio flood, his scientific ramble over the country, giving a sketch of Rasmus that mingled fun and pathos, and finally lunching in style with his entertainers. About the middle of the forenoon, he went to find Rasmus, and beheld that versatile genius acting as head clerk in an establishment for selling corn-balls, lemonade, and ginger-pop. The rush of trade was slackening, now that noon-thirst had been appeased, and Rasmus, seated astride a barrel that had come, filled with lemons, sugar, and other comestibles, to the field of battle, was discoursing to the owner of the booth concerning the profit likely to be found in a restaurant run on temperance principles.

'If ever I set up one,' said the booth-keeper, 'I'd like you for head clerk, for you've an uncommon knack of watering the lemonade just to the right notch, and making it look awful sweet, with the flourish with which you drops in the sugar. What do I owe you for your help?' (To be Continued.)

The Doctor's Time.

'Doctor, just an instant, please,' exclaimed a caller at the house of a man of physic, as he caught sight of the physician disappearing in his private room.

'I'll see you shortly, sir,' was the curt reply.

'But a second is all I want, sir,' persisted the caller.

'I'll see you directly, sir,' with sternness.

The visitor took a seat in the general reception room, read the afternoon's paper through, looked at the pictures, played with the dog, and took a nap. After thirty minutes or more had passed the physician came out of his private room, and, with an air of condescension, said to his visitor,

'Well now, my man, I am at your service. Your turn has come; what can I do for you?'

'Oh, nothing in particular,' was the reply. 'I just dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's three cows have escaped from the barn, and are having a picnic in your garden flower beds.'—Selected.

He Saw the Point.

The following story of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years, is going the rounds of the papers:

A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start in business.

'Do you drink?' asked the millionaire.

'Once in a while.'

'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me.'

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year came to see the millionaire again.

'Do you smoke?' asked the successful man.

'Now and then.'

'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again.'

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again.'

'Do you chew?' asked the philanthropist.

'Yes, I do,' was the desperate reply.

'Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again.'

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. 'He'd have told me that now I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have.'—Selected.

Christian Arithmetic.

Some one has compiled the following rules for Christian Arithmetic from God's Word. The best part of these rules is that we can begin them when very young, and will never grow too old for them:

Notation—'I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts.'

Numeration—'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

Addition—'Add to faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.'

Subtraction—'Let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.'

Multiplication—'Mercy unto you, and peace, and love be multiplied.'

Division—'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.'—Selected.

A Dog That Plays Baseball.

Spot is a restless little fox terrier, and Teddy, to whom this little dog belongs, has just joined a baseball team. The boys play in a field that is very near a river.

The first time that Teddy started in to play with the boys, Spot went with him. He always did what Teddy did; so when he saw his little master with his cap on and a long, thick stick in one hand and a couple of balls in the other, Spot gave two quick, sharp barks. These always meant, 'May I go, too?'

His stubby tail thumped the floor like a hammer when Teddy answered, 'Yes, come on; but if you go, you will have to find lost balls for us.'

'I will, I will!' yelped Spot with a delighted leap up into the air; then off they started.

He could hardly keep on the ground all the way to the field. He seemed to know that something unusual was about to happen in his little dog life, and he leaped and danced about Teddy like a small whirlwind.

Teddy was delighted himself at the prospect of belonging to a real baseball team, and every once in a while, as they went along, a ball would shoot up into the air, by way of practice, you know. Occasionally the ball fell to the ground instead of coming back into Teddy's hand, and sometimes it rolled quite a distance away. Every time this occurred Spot would give a quick bark which meant, 'I'll get it! I'll get it!' and off he would start in pursuit of the truant ball, bring it back in his mouth and lay it at Teddy's feet.

When they arrived at the field and the boys began to play, Spot stationed himself in the

middle of the field, with an expectant look upon his face.

In some way the dog soon learned who was the pitcher, and whenever a ball was lost, he seemed to know that the pitcher was the one to whom it must be carried. So when a ball went flying past him and bounced into the river, in a flash Spot was in the water and after it.

The boys all wondered what the dog would do with the ball, which was tightly wedged in his mouth when he climbed to the bank.

'He'll carry it to Teddy, of course,' Jack Gibbs declared as the dog came racing toward them. But Spot shot past Teddy and dropped the ball into the pitcher's box, amid a chorus of cheers.

Several times during the game the ball went into the river, and each time Spot rescued it, and carried it back to the pitcher's box, although numerous attempts were made by the boys to take it from him. Each time these attempts were met by a growl and a determined shake of the head, until the pitcher's box was reached; then he dropped it.

After this the boys never thought of playing baseball without Spot, and the name 'Little Ball Catcher' was one to which he soon learned to answer.

The boys pay Spot two cents apiece for every ball which he brings back to them from the river, and last year he earned enough in this way to pay for his license.—Helen M. Richardson, in the 'Western Christian Advocate.'

How Animals Swim.

Almost all animals know how to swim without having to learn it. As soon as they fall into the water, or are driven into it, they instinctively make the proper motions, and not only manage to keep afloat, but propel themselves without trouble.

Exceptions are the monkey, the camel, the giraffe and llama, which cannot swim without assistance. Camels and llamas have to be helped across water, and giraffes and monkeys drown if they enter it. Now and then both of the latter species manage to cross waterways when they are driven to extremities, just as human beings occasionally can keep themselves above water through sheer fright.

A funny, though able swimmer, is the rabbit. He submerges his body, with the exception of head and tail. The latter sticks away up into the air, and his hind legs make 'soap suds' as he churns the water madly to get away. But with all his awkwardness he is a swift swimmer, and is beaten only by the squirrel among the land animals.

The squirrel swims with his heavy tail sunk away down in the water and his head held high. He cleaves the waves like a duck, and a man in a row boat has all he can do to keep abreast of the swimming squirrel.

One thing that none of the land-living animals does is to dive. No matter how hard pressed a swimming deer, rabbit, squirrel, or other purely terrestrial animal may be, it will remain above water. But the muskrat, beaver, ice bear, and otter dive immediately.—'Farming World.'

The Grocer's Test.

'What I want,' said Mr. Philpotts, leaning over the counter of his own grocery in a confidential sort of way, 'is a good, thoroughly dependable sort of boy. He must be careful and obliging, accurate and quick at figures. Got any boys like that?'

It was the village schoolmaster to whom the grocer was talking.

'Two of them,' came the reply. 'There they go now,' and he looked across to the other side of the street, where Jack Willis and Charlie Crawford were sauntering along together.

'I don't need two,' said Mr. Philpotts. 'D'ye reckon I could get one of those fellows without the other?'

'They aren't quite so inseparable as that,' the schoolmaster said, laughing. 'Either of them will suit you Jack is the quickest at figures, but—you'll be safe in choosing either,' he added, turning to go.

Mr. Philpotts scratched his head. 'Now, how am I to know which one I want?' he said, in perplexity. 'If he'd just recommended one of them there wouldn't have been any trouble. So Jack's the quickest at figures? That's one thing in favor of Jack; but let me see.'

Mr. Philpotts must have been in a brown study for as much as a minute. Then he went and weighed out fifty pounds of granulated sugar and twenty pounds of bacon for an out-of-town customer. He chuckled while he was doing it, and it was evident that he had hit upon a plan.

'And as sure as you live, sir,' he said to himself, rubbing his hands together, 'If I find they both do, I'll hire 'em, sir; I'll hire 'em both.'

Mr. Philpotts did not trouble himself about the possibility of not being able to get either boy. The privilege of clerking for Mr. Philpotts during the vacation was too eagerly coveted by the school boys to render it likely that he could fail to secure the lad he chose.

As it happened, both Jack Willis and Charlie Crawford had been longing for the place. It was well known, however, that Mr. Philpotts usually made his own choice, and that there was little advantage in making application for the place.

But it was with a thrill of excitement that Charlie replied to Mr. Philpott's query that evening as he went into the store on an errand for his mother.

'Are you in a hurry, Charlie?' the grocer had asked.

How Charlie wished that he were not!

'Mother needs these things for supper,' he replied. Was there something you wanted of me, Mr. Philpotts?'

He could not keep the eagerness out of his voice, and Mr. Philpotts understood.

'Only to ask you about something, he answered, indifferently. 'Drop in some time when you are passing, if it isn't too much trouble, Charlie.'

'I'll come this evening,' Charlie promised, and was off like a flash.

'He wanted to stay,' Mr. Philpotts mused. 'But he was faithful to his mother's errand. That's one for Charlie. But Jack's quicker at figures, and that's one for Jack. Well, we'll see.' And Mr. Philpotts rubbed his hands and waited for Jack.

As luck would have it, it was not many minutes before Jack entered, also on an errand for his mother.

'Are you in a hurry, Jack?' asked the grocer, weighing out the pound of tea which Jack had asked for.

'Not particularly,' Jack answered.

'Doesn't your mother want this tea right away?' queried Mr. Philpotts sharply.

'Oh, I guess not, not for a little while anyway. Do you want something, Mr. Philpotts?'

'I wanted a little talk with you,' the grocer began. Jack's eyes sparkled. 'To tell you the truth,' Mr. Philpotts went on, 'I wanted to ask you about Charlie Crawford.

'I notice you and he are pretty thick,' the grocer mentioned, 'and I have a notion that nobody knows so much about a boy as his friends. Now, I've been thinking about having him in the store with me this summer, and I thought I'd ask you if you could recommend him. I know I'm a rather queer old duffer, but I'd rather have your opinion than the schoolmaster's. You know Charlie better. Now, what can you say for your friend?'

It looked very much as if Jack could not say anything. How was he to know that Mr. Philpotts was saying over to himself: 'Faithful to his promise, and that's one for Charlie. But Jack's quick at figures, and that's one for Jack Maybe Jack's mother didn't tell him to hurry, so I won't call this delay one against Jack.'

Jack was silent so long that the grocer resumed his questioning.

'Is Charlie neat and careful and courteous and trustworthy?' asked he.

'Oh, yes,' Jack at last found his voice. 'He's all that.'

Some way his words didn't sound one bit enthusiastic. He wanted that place so much himself.

'Is he good at figures?' Mr. Philpotts pursued. I'm very particular about that.'

'He's fair,' admitted Jack. 'He isn't the best in the class.'

'Never knew him to cheat at games or do mean little things like that, did you?'

'No,' Jack replied. You would have thought he spoke reluctantly.

'Anything else you think I ought to know?' queried the grocer.

'N-o-o,' stammered Jack. 'Charlie's a good fellow, but—'

'But I see you don't want to tell me,' Mr. Philpotts said, suddenly.

'You are too loyal to your friend to finish that "but." I'm obliged to you, Jack. I'll make further inquiries.'

Now Mr. Philpotts had not put the faintest trace of sarcasm into his sentence regarding Jack's loyalty, but somehow Jack did not feel very happy, although he hoped that the 'further inquiries' would turn Mr. Philpott's attention to himself. He would have felt less happy had he known that the further inquiries were to be made of Charlie himself.

That evening Charlie called on the grocer. Perhaps he was disappointed when that individual began to inquire about Jack Willis, but, if so, he had conquered his chagrin before it came his turn to speak.

'I'm sure Jack would just suit you, Mr. Philpotts,' he said, and his voice was enthusiastic still. 'Everybody likes Jack, and he is so bright and quick. And he's a splendid scholar.

Mr. Philpotts went on with his searching questions, but Charlie became only more spirited in his admiration of his friend. There was no faint praise in his voice or words. At last the grocer asked quite suddenly: 'Wouldn't you like the place yourself, Charlie?'

Charlie hesitated. Then he spoke the truth:

'Yes, Mr. Philpotts, but I wouldn't stand in Jack's way a minute. I'll be glad to see him get it.'

It has always been an unexplained mystery to Charlie and Mh. Philpotts answered as he did:

'The place is yours, Charlie. I was only testing you. I didn't have the faintest notion of hiring Jack.'

Charlie demurred a little.

'It will be you or some other boy, not Jack,' Mr. Philpotts said, firmly. 'I have my reasons.'

Charlie never knew, nor did Jack, but Mr. Philpotts summed up his reasons this way:

'Quick at figures, that's one for Jack. Not true to his friend, that's one against him. One from one leaves nothing. Faithful to his promise and faithful to his friend, that's two for Charlie. Two against none is a pretty fair score. I guess I can wait a little for him to do his figuring, if he's as loyal to my interests as he's shown himself to be to others to-night.'—Agnes E. Wilson, in 'American Boy.'

The Monkey and the Ichneumon.

A somewhat unusual sight may at present be witnessed at the London Zoological Gardens, where a monkey and an ichneumon are living together on the most friendly terms. The monkey is a Ruppells colobus from north-eastern Africa, and the ichneumon belongs to the species (Herpestes albicanda), widely known in Africa under the name of the white-tailed mongoose. This most interesting animal ranges from Abyssinia to Natal, besides being found in certain districts of West Africa. It is a large species, easily distinguished by the pure white hair at the end of its tail. The prevailing color of its fur is dark grey; owing to many of the hairs being ringed with black and white, the fur has a speckled appearance. The colobus monkeys are exceedingly handsome creatures, but owing to their delicate constitution they seldom live long in England. The headquarters of this group, the members of which have no thumbs, are in West Africa, but the present species is found in Abyssinia. It is covered for the most part with shining black hair, but on the flanks is a mass of pure white hair, which forms a sort of mantle. Its dark face is encircled by a fringe of snowy white hair, and its enormously long tail ends in a white tuft.—'Pall Mall Gazette.'

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Wrought in Gold.

'I saw a smile—to a poor man 'twas given,
And he was old.
The sun broke forth; I saw that smile in heaven
Wrought into gold.
Gold of such lustre never was vouchsafed to us;
It made the very light of day more luminous.

'I saw a toiling woman sinking down
Footsore and cold.
A soft hand covered her—the humble gown,
Wrought into gold,
Grew straight imperishable, and will be shown
To smiling angels gathered round the judgment throne.

'Wrought into gold! We that pass down life's hours
So carelessly
Might make the dusty way a path of flowers
If we would try.
Then every gentle deed we've done or kind word given
Wrought into gold, would make us wondrous rich in heaven.'

—The 'Examiner.'

Character and Conduct.

Character is the product of a lifetime of growth and development. The experiences and transactions of every day enter into it, and these results make it what it is, and the character is the man. Into it he builds his mind, his heart, and his life. The relation, then, of character to conduct is vital, and the one is inseparable from the other. Our Saviour gives expression to this statement when he says: 'The hireling fleeth because he is a hireling.' It could not be otherwise. He had the character of a hireling. The conduct was the result of his character. So it is with every man. A good man has a good character. He is right within, and he acts right without. A bad man has a bad character, and he is bad without because he is bad within. A drunkard drinks because he is a drunkard, a man steals because he is a thief, and a murderer kills because he is a murderer Back of the deed is the character, and conduct follows it as effect follows cause. The act of no man is better than his life. It grows out of it and is a part of it. A pure life is incapable of corruption. Its sources of thought and conduct are clean, and the conduct following is equivalent to its fountain. Fill the heart and the mind with truth, justice and righteousness, and those qualities will produce conduct like them And the reverse is true. When God dwells within, his holiness flows through the channels of our lives, even to the smallest words and deeds. Therefore the importance of so living every day as to develop pure and noble character, as the Bible puts it, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'—Texas 'Advocate'

A More Excellent Way.

(By Anna Stevens Reed in the 'Presbyterian,' Philadelphia.')

'Why, mother, you haven't eaten anything!' exclaimed Elizabeth Bryce. 'I thought you liked poached eggs, and I took so much pains with that one.'

'I don't want anything,' was the listless answer.

'I wish father were here; let me tell Carleton to go for the doctor.'

'I shall be better when this neuralgia goes; give me the camphor.' 'Where is it?' 'In the corner cupboard' The girl was young and used to perfect health. She moved the bottles about, talking rapidly all the time until her mother said wearily, 'Never mind. Suppose you go down stairs, Elizabeth.'

'I'm sure I am willing to do anything I can, but it isn't here. Where did you put it?' There was no answer; the patient's eyes closed, and Elizabeth thought best to take herself off. 'She must be getting better,' she thought, 'or she wouldn't be so cross as not to answer me!'

Half an hour after, some good fairy stole noiselessly into the room, fastened a blind which had blown back, letting in the blazing July sun, drew the shades low enough to darken and not low enough to flap, and brought a screen from the next room to shelter the bed still more. When a hot water bottle was put against her face Mrs. Bryce murmured, 'Oh, that's so good.' Getting no reply her eyes flew open and met the sympathetic look of her nephew. 'I'm sorry you're suffering,' he said quietly.

'Just see if the camphor is in that cupboard, Elizabeth couldn't find it, but I'm sure it's there,' This time the bottles were removed without clinking against each other, but with the same result as before. Carleton ventured to open a closet door, saw a bottle with a glass stopper on a shelf, and put his prize into Mrs. Bryce's hand. 'Now he will ask a string of questions,' thought the invalid,' exhausted with pain. But when she glanced up again the benevolent fairy had vanished, as they have a way of doing.

Carleton stopped at the foot of the back stairs, put on his shoes, but through the open door caught sight of something which made him give an impulsive rush just in time to catch Elizabeth's hands from the piano. 'I beg your pardon, but you will disturb your mother.'

'Oh, I forgot,' cried the girl, quite conscience stricken; 'I'll go and see if I can do anything for her.'

'Please, Elizabeth, let her alone. Neuralgia needs quiet. If she needs anything else the bell is beside her. It won't be neglectful if you come into the garden as you did yesterday. You can hear any call.'

'I don't know,' said the other doubtfully. 'It's a good chance to embroider that centerpiece for Christmas. You have no idea how much work that is. I wouldn't do it for anyone but mother.' The big boy's smile was not noticed. He was glad to get her out of the house on any terms, and swung the hammock under the tree near which he was going to cultivate corn. Up and down went the straight, handsome youth and the horse. The latter was earning his oats; the former was sustained by the thought of college at the end of this summer's work. But the sun was hot and the rows were long.

At the end of an hour Carleton tied Prince in the shade and went up to the house. After a short time he appeared in his aunt's room carrying a tray. He meant to set it down and disappear, but when she looked up he promptly spoke. 'Aunt Laura, this is going right down to the kitchen again if you say so.' She laughed.

'I'll see what it is first. Perhaps I can take the lemonade' She also tried a lettuce sandwich. 'How do you know how to make this? it is good.'

'I've helped mother to make them for picnics. Fortunately Martha had some dressing left from the salad yesterday. I don't know how to make that.' Carleton learned back in his chair with the air of a gentleman of leisure. He did not look like a plough boy, for he had washed his hands and put on a thin coat.

'What's in the covered dish?' asked his aunt, and the cover was removed with a flourish. 'The finest of the Cuthberts. Can't be any fresher unless you come out and pick them yourself.'

'Did you think I'd eat all those.'

'There are two dozen,' said the boy gravely; 'I'll let you off with a dozen and a half. Raspberries are large this year.' He talked for a few moments and then left with a merry joke. Mrs. Bryce reflected, 'He didn't ask if I felt better. Perhaps he saw that I do.'

Carleton did not see his aunt again until evening, when she felt able to come down to the porch, and he sprang up to offer her the hammock. 'Elizabeth, this noisy boy is a better nurse than you are'

Now Carleton was fond of his cousin, and seeing a shadow fall on her face he said lightly, 'You wouldn't like my seed cakes and sonatas as well as Elizabeth's, and she beats me at tennis nearly every time.' 'She has more practice than you,' said his aunt dryly. 'Elizabeth, I wish you'd tell Martha I want to see her before she goes out this evening.' When the daughter had departed the invalid went on rather fretfully, 'It's a mercy I'm not sick often, for that girl has no gift for taking care of anyone. She teases me with questions and never gets the simplest thing right.'

The big boy had not lived in this house long; it seemed best to keep a respectful silence. Thinking of the woman he knew best who had lost husband, home and health, but had never lost faith in God or self control, he could not help feeling that there was a difference in mothers as well as nurses.

Light for All.

You cannot pay with money the million sons of toil—
The sailor on the ocean, the peasant on the soil,
The laborer in the quarry, the hewer of the coal;
Your money pays the hand, but it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the Cathedral, whose turrets meet the sky;
Remember the foundations, that in earth and darkness lie,
For, were not those foundations so darkling resting there,
Yon towers up could never soar so proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded that the palace may be bright;
If the ploughman did not plough, then the poet could not write;
Then let every toil be hallowed that man performs for man,
And have its share of honor, as part of one great plan.

See, light darts from heaven, and enters where it may,
The eyes of all earth's people are cheered with one bright day;
And let the mind's true sunshine be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men as the waters filled the sea.

The man who turns the soil need not have an earthly mind;
The digger 'mid the coal need not be in spirit blind;
The mind can shed a light on each worthy labor done,
As lowliest things are bright in the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler, may lift their heads as men,—
Better far than Alexander, could he wake to life again,
And think of all his bloodshed (and all for nothing, too!)
And ask himself—'What made I as useful as a shoe?'

What cheers the musing student, the poet, the divine?
The thought that for his followers a brighter day will shine.
Let every human laborer enjoy the vision bright—
Let the thought that comes from heaven be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen, rise like a band inspired,
And, poets, let your lyrics with hope for man be fired,
Till the earth becomes a temple, and every human heart
Shall join in one great service, each happy in his part.

—From the German.

The Doctor's Story.

I was a full fledged M. D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle.

'I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, went to his barn to see what was the matter with the sick mare. I cured the mare, and took in my shingle; for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon, and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there. Only if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection, perhaps you'll change your mind.

'When I'd been in business a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals; and I

thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-class physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

'The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a deal of faith in me. The despatch was

'Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!'

'Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.

'Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and he did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched greys. He eyed me dubiously. "I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow," he said in a discouraged tone. "I'm afraid you can't help her." His distrust put me on my mettle.

'"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage, "if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any."

'He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of the foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild with pain.

'Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

'Even Dick quailed now. "You can never get near her," he whispered. "She'll kill you sure."

'Her keeper divined what he said. "Don't you be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. "Hebe's got sense."

'I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"'I like your pluck, my boy," he said, heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

'The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

'While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt to my horror a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

'"She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

'"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, "Cut away!"

'The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an every-day occurrence.

'Well I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not urgently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

'"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out.

'"Cut away!" came again the encouraging response.

'This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and the tools; I was as limp as a rag.

'It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

'"Hebe's well and hearty, sir," the keeper answered me, "Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you."

'"Nonsense!" said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent.

'There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shiver I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth!'—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Could you get a Bond?

The 'Interior' says: 'Under old business methods a young man who sought employment in some great house must appeal to his friends for "bonds." To-day he must appeal to a guaranty company; and the first question asked him is, "Do you gamble?" The second is, "Do you drink?" If he can not answer "No" to each, and back up his reply by the evidence of his friends, he may pound stone, but he can not handle cash. The Sunday school has now a powerful assistant in the packing-house and the bank. The area in which a young man may sow wild oats is being narrowed every year, and the young man who "must have his fling," may have it out on the levee, but not on Wall street. Fathers and mothers do not send detectives to the race track to see who is betting on the horses there, but the bond companies do; and many a young fellow who sneered at his mother's tearful entreaty has listened very humbly to the words of the president of the company which holds his future in its hands.'—'American Boy.'

A Real Lady.

It was only a slight incident, but it served to bring out the difference between the real lady and the one who only seemed to be a lady.

An old man passing along a busy street in one of our large cities became bewildered by the noise and confusion, so that he did not know whether or not he was on the right street. A few steps in front of him was a young girl whose dainty clothing and general appearance seemed to proclaim her a lady. The old man quickened his steps till he was beside her.

'Will ye plaze tell me, miss,' he began, 'if this is LaSalle strate?'

The girl drew her skirts aside, and passed quickly along without making any reply, leaving the old man standing in bewilderment.

Turning, he saw another girl of about the same age coming toward him. With some timidity and hesitation he repeated his question. It was met with a friendly smile, while the answer came pleasantly:

'Yes, this is LaSalle street you are on now.'

'And is that Adams strate?'

'Yes, that is Adams street.'

'Thank ye, miss,' the old man said; 'ye're a lady. I thought she was,' pointing after the young girl to whom he had first put the question, 'but 'twas only her clothes was the lady.'—Selected.

Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.—Channing.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountian Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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The Little Cottage in the Woods.

(By Katharine Smalley, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

A tall slender woman, in a plain black dress, looked into the very small bedroom that opened off of the long low living room where she was busy reducing to order the confusion that comes with 'moving in.'

'I am all right, Mary dear,' the gentle voice of an elderly woman said out of the dark.

'The bed is comfortable?'

'Yes, very.'

'I hope Blanchie will not disturb you.'

'I will close the door so I will not keep you awake.'

'Well, don't stay up long; you must be very tired, Mary dear.'

'No, I will only put things in order, so I can get breakfast in the morning. Good-night, mother.'

'Good-night, Mary dear.'

Mrs. Wayland went back to her work, moving swiftly, but silently as one accustomed to working while others slept. She soon had comparative order, and at last sank into a rocking chair before the grate, where a little fire was burning, for it was early spring and the nights were chill. She gave a weary sigh, but said to herself: 'I am glad mother is so contented. It seems to her like getting home again. It is a beautiful place, though the house is almost in ruins. We had a sweet life here together in the old days,—she and little sister and I.'

Her hands lay quietly folded in her lap, and Mrs. Wayland gazed into the slowly burning fire, her thoughts drifting back to the long-gone days when her life was changed from the happy bird-like life of a care-free child, to one of care. Further than that her reflections never went,—the years before were forgotten because of the years that followed.

It was in the days of the Civil War. Her father was a Union man, living in the borderland, and when the fighting came near them he had taken his young son, though only a boy, but to have left him would probably have meant his conscription, young as he was, into the enemy's ranks, and they had gone to fight for their home and country.

The family had not then lived in the little cottage in the woods. The home had been a beautiful place on a hill overlooking the highway. Well Mary remembered the day of her father's going away. He had taken her hand and they had walked through the garden and orchard, and into the woods where the little cottage was, and he had given her a sealed letter, telling her to care for it until he came back, but if he did not come to give it to her mother when the war was over, not dreaming what long weary years must pass before peace would come.

The child had taken the letter and hidden it. Then began the life of burden. All the long day she was conscious of her trust; often and often she would make sure the letter was still in her keeping. At night she dreamed of it, starting up from her sleep to feel if it were in its hiding place; always wishing the war would end and her father would return.

When her husband and son were gone the mother had taken her two little girls and stores of food and clothing and treasured articles and gone to the little cottage in the woods, thinking it a safer place than the home on the high road. One old colored servant went with them. The enemy came and turned the house on the hill into their headquarters. Then followed two terrible days when a battle raged about it. The little family cowered in the cottage, shot and shell sometimes flying about them. Wounded men were brought there, and the two women worked night and day to relieve their sufferings. The beautiful home was burned, the garden and orchard were ruined—then the tide of battle fell back, leaving quiet and desolation.

When little Mary's bewildered thoughts returned to her trust that had been thrust from her mind by the awful sights and sounds about her, she found that the treasured letter was gone. She was stunned, and for a time could think of nothing. Then she aroused herself and tried to remember about it, but she could recall nothing of her last thought of it, where she had put it or when she had had it.

Alone, in great distress, she began a search for it, a search that lasted days of intens

wearing strain. She looked everywhere, again and again, every place she had ever hid it and where she would never have dreamed of putting it. She was ever moving about the house and out of doors, with wandering eyes, her little sister following her, but asking no questions; her little mind was dulled by the shock it had received; they were continually going about, sometimes hand in hand, but there was no play or gladness. The poor mother took little notice of them, she, too, was stunned by the terrible change in her life, and anxious and distressed at receiving no word of her husband and son.

The old servant saw Mary's strange way of always looking about.

'What you huntin', child?' she would ask, 'what you always lookin' for,' when she would see Mary's wide eyes roving about. But the little girl never answered, but would move away. She longed for her father's return, yet dreaded it, for she did not know what she had lost.

At last he came, but not to claim the letter, only to be laid in a lonely grave, in the silent wood behind the little cottage.

Her brother came, too, but only for a few days, when he was again off to the front. He had tenderly comforted his heart-broken little sister. She had clung to him, and tried to tell him her own trouble, but she was not quite strong enough to make the confession that she had lost her father's last message, lest she awaken his displeasure, and she felt she could bear no more. She remembered the bright brave boy, in his soldier blue, so tender to her, and so hopefully promising to come home when the war was over to take care of her and little sister and their beautiful mother. But he never came. Whether he was killed in battle or died in prison they could only wonder.

An old friend of the family came one day to comfort the sorrowing widow. Mary sat by hearing with little interest what was said, until the gentlemen asked if they had money and supplies for their wants. She heard her mother reply that they had enough for present needs; but that, though she knew her husband had taken gold from the bank at the beginning of the war and had also taken the family jewels and other valuables and hid them somewhere, she had no idea of their hiding place, and she wondered he had left no clue in case he never would return.

The little girl shrank back in her chair, sure that was the secret her father had entrusted to her keeping. She did not answer when the friend bade her good-bye, and he inquired if she were ill. Then for the first time her mother noticed the change that had come over the child. Her little face was thin and white, with a hopeless look.

'Why, Mary dear, what is the matter?' asked her mother when the friend departed, bending over her with solicitude. The little girl looked at her with frightened eyes. Her mother drew her into her arms and sat down with her in her lap, caressing and soothing her. Mary lay on her breast receiving the endearments with eagerness, fearing they would be the last and that she would be sent from her mother's arms when she learned what she had done. Brokenly she sobbed out her story, telling of the letter, its loss and of her fruitless search. Her mother did not thrust her away from her or utter a reproving word; she held her closer and kissed her more tenderly, begging her not to grieve, as she had sorrow enough and could not bear that her dear little girl should worry herself ill, besides, the letter might yet be found. Mary was sure it never would, but her head sank heavily on her mother's shoulder and she looked into her face with great love in her eyes. Never from that day did her mother utter an unkind word to her or make a complaint because of the suffering and hardships the loss of the hidden treasure brought upon them. Her other sorrows were partly forgotten in her endeavor to bring back the happy child life to her little girl.

Mary was never a child again. She was a helper and burden-bearer. No trace of the lost letter was found, nor of the hidden treasure, and feeling she was responsible she tried to do what she could to make amends.

When the war was over the estate was sold, except the little cottage and a few acres of woodland about it, where was the precious grave. The money had given them a small income and enabled her mother to give Mary a year or two at a good school to fit her to be a teacher. She obtained a position in a nearby town, and her mother and little sister went with her that the little sister might attend school, too. Every summer they returned to the cottage in the woods, until the little sister was married, then the place was abandoned as a home.

But now, after more than a dozen years of joy and sorrow they were back in the little home,—Mary and her mother, and Mary was a widow, with two children, and the little sister had gone long ago to the mansions in the Father's house. When her husband died after a long illness the small savings were going fast, and there was need of bread-winning. Mrs. Wayland had tried to find work for which she was fitted, but there seemed no opening at that time. Then her mother, who made quaint old-fashioned rag dolls for her grandchild, Blanche, was begged by a friend to make several for her children, and let her pay for them. Then another came, and another, until grandma had her hands full. She called on Mary for help, and before Christmas they found themselves with quite a profitable business.

After the holidays Mrs. Wayland worked up a trade for the coming year, and their new business seemed quite promising, but did not bring as quick returns as before Christmas, and they were obliged to live very economically.

Then grandma began longing to return to the little old cottage in the woods.

'We can work there just as well, Mary dear,' she had argued, 'and there will be no rent to pay and we can live as well as we used to do; there will be the garden and the berries in the woods and the children will be happy and healthy.'

So they returned to the cottage, and grandma and the little girl and boy were as happy as the birds that first day, but Mary had seen the warped-up shingles on the roof and the cracks in the shrunken doors, and she was troubled.

In the morning Mrs. Wayland was awakened by the squeaking floor above and she knew her son, a large boy of eleven years, who had chosen the loft for his room, was up and ready to begin the new life. He was called Horace, after the lost soldier boy, and was so like him that his mother and grandma often felt that they had their lost hero back, and Horace the second was proud of the comparison and eager to fill the place of both.

He went to work with a will, and soon had fresh bright-leaved little plants in his garden, smiling at everybody who came and looked over the vine-covered old garden fence, and many a relish and substantial dish did he prepare for the table from the vegetables.

The doll business went on briskly, the sewing machine running many hours a day, Mrs. Wayland sewing the funny bodices and quaint dresses her mother's skilful fingers cut. She developed quite a genius for painting rag-doll faces, making round wonder-eyes and sweet rose-bud mouths, so that the little girl Blanche said she just loved every one. She and Horace could help at the doll business, too, and had great fun filling out the flat doll bodies into rolly-poly babies; and it was play to dress them and carry them up to the attic and stow them away. A stack of them grew almost to the roof in one corner, where there seemed to be no leads, yet they were carefully covered with a waterproof cloak to prevent any accident from a possible dripping if a hard rain came.

The summer was fast passing away. One evening Mrs. Wayland said: 'Next week I will fill Dale & Hilton's order. They said they would take the dolls and pay for them any time. That will give us quite a sum of money. I must get some material for our work, and supplies for the house, and I hope to have enough left to get the roof mended, if it can be mended. A heavy rain would nearly deluge us.'

'And me a saw and plane,' said Horace, eagerly; I could fix lots of things if I had them and a few boards.'

'Yes,' said his mother, 'I will try to get them, too. I am sure you have earned them.'

They were all sitting before the grate, where they had a little fire, burning fagots the children had gathered in the woods. It had been raining through the day, and the evening was just cool enough to make a fire enjoyable. When work was put away Horace had thrown on a fresh supply of fagots, and drawn up the rocking-chairs for grandma and mamma, against whose knees Blanche and he leaned as they sat on the floor in front of the blaze.

The roof had leaked, pails and basins had been rushed to the attic to catch the drip, and that was what had made Mrs. Wayland so anxious to see about having it repaired as soon as possible. Then she and her mother talked of the cottage as it was in the bygone days. Grandma told what a bright little place it was when she came a bride to the big house on the hill. It had been the 'den' for the men of the family. Mary sighed and wished it had some of its smartness yet; she could not forget the cracks and leaks and winter coming on so fast. She had still her old way of taking things hard, and could not hope for the best at all times, as her mother did.

'Don't worry, Mary dear,' said her mother. 'God does not forget we have need of these things.'

A breeze had sprung up and blown the clouds away, and now it sang around the old chimney and whistled through the cracks of the doors and windows in a lively way. They were a happy little family when they kissed each other good-night, after having kneeled before the fire while grandma thanked their heavenly Father that he had always taken care of them and would always care for them. After several hours' sleep Mrs. Weyland, who made her bed on the couch in the living room at night, woke and saw a strange fitful light playing about the room, and there was a noise that was not the sound of the wind in the chimney. Then she became conscious of a smell of burning wood and she was on her feet wide awake. There was a snapping, crackling and roaring about the chimney, a light flashed down it and glared through the windows. In a moment she was arousing her mother as gently as possible.

'Come, mother, get up quickly and get dressed,' she said, helping her out and pulling little Blanche out, too. 'Hurry, Blanchie, mamma wants you to dress as quickly as you can. Hurry, hurry.'

Then she ran out and upstairs. The sound of the fire burning the old shingles and more vivid flashes of light through the windows made her fly to Horace's bed. He was harder to wake.

'What's up? 'Tisn't morning yet,' he complained, sleepily.

'No, fire, fire! The roof is on fire. Dress and come right down.'

The boy, wide enough awake then, jumped out of bed and stared around.

'Can't we save things,' he cried, 'can't we save the dolls?'

'No, no,' replied his mother. 'Get your little trunk and come immediately. It is too late for the dolls, they must go.'

When she was sure he understood she rolled up his bedding and ran down with it. The rooms were lighted by the flames. Grandma and Blanche were dressed and grandma was filling a pillow case with what she could lay her hands on about the room.

Mrs. Wayland rushed outdoors with her bundle to get a look at the fire. It was on the side of the roof toward which the wind blew, so it burned back slowly; also the shingles were damp with the rain, yet there was no hope of putting it out. The house must go, but there would be time to save some of the things on the lower floor, but the dolls must all go, too. Horace was downstairs now, dragging his little trunk that held most of his belongings.

(To be continued.)

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the souk of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. This is what makes boys popular.—'Apples of Gold.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LITTLE FOLKS

Miss Witchieand Master Bully

These are my two little pets and their names. Miss Witchie is a tiny Maltese terrier with long white hair, dark brown eyes, and a jet-black nose; she is gentle and affectionate and very intelligent, and a great favorite with everyone. I feed her regularly once a-day, and she is always on the look-out for her plate of food when meal-time arrives. If by chance I am a little behind the usual time she jumps up at me and barks, as much as to say I had forgotten her; which I never do, as I always give her her food before I sit down to my own dinner. I generally take her for a walk every day, and you should see her delight when she sees me putting on my hat and jacket.

Master Bullfinch, or, as I call him, Bully, is very tame, and not a bit afraid of Miss Witchie. He flies about the room, and hops on to my shoulder, and sings to me so prettily. He will often hop on to Miss Witchie's back when she is asleep in front of the fire, and peck at her long white hairs, trying to pull them out, and gets very cross when he finds he cannot succeed in doing so. Miss Witchie does not mind it a bit. They are the best of friends, and often drink out of the same saucer.

My little baby-brother often nurses Miss Witchie, and sure enough Master Bully, if he sees him doing so, is sure to fly on to Miss Witchie's back, so that he too may be noticed and talked to.

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

How Fido Laughed.

Fred was telling his mother about his dog Fido.

'He just laughed fit to kill himself,' said Fred.

'My dear boy,' interrupted his mother, 'how can a dog laugh? You mean that Fido was barking.'

'No, indeed,' Fred replied, quickly; 'Fido was laughing with his tail, for it went wigglety-wigglety.'

The Brown-and-White Cups.

'Is Freddy going to Clarence's birthday party?' Allison asked, as Mrs. Brown was passing.

'Why, yes, Allison, he can go if you look after him a little. I can't spare the time to take him over.'

Freddy was four and Allison was eight. He felt very big and manly, and he said:

'Yes, indeed, Mrs. Brown, I'll take care of him.'

'And be sure to bring him home at half-past five.'

'Yes, ma'am I will.'

So at a quarter to two Allison set out with Freddy in his fresh Buster Brown suit, for the party.

There were games on the broad green lawn, and Allison wanted very much to play with the older boys and girls. But, whenever he went away, Freddy looked so lonely and miserable that he would not play any games which the little lad could not join in.

At five o'clock supper was spread under the big elm tree. And how many good things there were! Before the ice-cream was brought Freddy could not eat another mouthful. And, when he saw the pretty striped slices, he burst out crying. Allison was so busy comforting him that he had hardly time to eat his own cream before it was half-past five.

'I must take Freddy home now,' he said, when the others were beginning a game of 'still pond.'

'Then you must come right back again,' Mrs. Clayton said. 'You've had no time to play at all yet, and the children will be here till dark. Hurry back, won't you?'

The children had drunk their milk from pretty brown-and-white checked cups, and Mrs. Clayton had told them to keep the cups for souvenirs.

'I'll carry yours for you, Freddy,' Allison said. 'You might drop it and break it.'

All went well till they started across the vacant lot on the corner. There Freddy tripped on a root and almost fell. Allison jumped to catch him, and dropped one of the cups. A great piece was chipped out, and a big crack ran half-way down the cup.

'It's Freddy's cup,' Allison thought. 'I remember that mark on the handle. And it wasn't my fault: I was only trying to keep him from falling, and I did!'

Allison went the rest of the way very quietly, and even forgot to look up and smile at mamma when he passed the house.

Freddy's mother met them at the door.

'See my pretty cup!' Freddy cried, reaching up toward the two in Allison's hands. And Allison handed him—not the cracked and broken cup, but the one that belonged to him.

He slipped in a moment to tell mamma. 'These are the souvenirs,' he explained. 'This was Freddy's, but I dropped it and it cracked, so of course I gave him mine. I'm going back now, mamma. Mrs. Clayton wants me to.'

There was plenty of time for fun before dark, and Allison enjoyed every minute.

And the next Saturday he and mamma saw a whole row of brown-and-white cups in the store exactly like the souvenirs. And mamma bought him a new one.

'Of course you did right to give Freddy yours,' she said; 'but I think you deserve a good one too!' —Alice Miller Weeks, in 'Dewdrops'

I'll Pay You For That.

This little parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson:—

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much, but the duck said, 'I'll pay you for that!' So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wings struck an old goose, who stood close by.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried the goose, and she flew at the duck, but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried the cat, and she started for the goose, but as she did so her claw caught in the wool of a sheep.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat, but as she did so her foot hit the foot of a dog, who lay in the sun.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried he, and jumped at the sheep, but as he did so his leg struck an old cow, who stood by the gate.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried she, and she ran at the dog, but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

'Hi! Hi! What's all this?' cried the man, who had the care of them. 'You may stay here,' he said to the hen; but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.

'A little explained,
A little endured,
A little forgiven,
The quarrel is cured.'

An Alphabet Party.

1.

A. B. C. went out to tea,
D. E. F. G. couldn't;
H. I. J. K. said that they,
Could have gone, but wouldn't!

2.

L. M. N. O. wished to go,
But were not invited;
P. Q. R. S. answered, 'Yes,
We shall be delighted.'

3.

T. U. V. each said, 'Ask me—
It would be so pleasant!'
W. X. Y. Z. went instead,
Now, how many were present!

—'Temperance Leader.'

The Rhyming Nines.

'Oh, dear me, mamma, my remember is so poor, when I come to 9 x 8, I say it over fifty times pretty near, then the next time I have to say it, I can't tell how much it is. I think the nines are 'most as bad as the toothache,' said Mildred, coming to the kitchen-table where her mother was peeling apples for sauce.

'As sure as apples are good to stew, 9 x 8 are 72,' said mamma playfully.

'Oh-o-o, that makes it easy; I'll never forget 9 x 8 again,' cried Mildred. 'Please, mamma, rhyme all the nines for me.'

'Very well, dear, if it will help you to remember. I will have them ready for you when you come home from school.'

Mildred went skipping to school, swinging her arithmetic by the straps, singing the rhyme and feeling she had conquered a very troublesome enemy. When she returned home, her mother read her the following which she readily committed to memory:

It takes no time or thinking fine
When 9 times one are only 9.
Neither are we long in stating,
9 times 2 are only eighteen.
Nice light bread is made with leaven
9 times 3 are 27.
Are you fond of candy sticks?
9 times 4 are 36.
Bees make honey in the hive,
9 times 5 are 45.
Please come in and close the door
9 times 6 are 54.
Wash your hands and come to tea,
9 times 7 are 63.
As sure as apples are good to stew,
9 times 8 are 72.
The nines this way are real good fun,
9 times 9 are 81.
9 times 10 are 90.
That comes out now very fine,
9 times 11 are 99.
The nines are done let's go and skate
9 times 12 are 108.—'The Advance.'

Grandmother's Spectacles.

'Wouldn't you hate to wear glasses?' asked a small boy of his playmate.

'No-o,' answered Donald reflectively, 'not if I had my grandmother's kind. She sees just how to mend broken things; she sees lots of nice things to do on rainy days; she sees when folks are tired or sorry, and what'll make 'em feel better; and she always sees what you meant to do, even if you haven't got things just right. I asked her one day how she could see that way all the time, and she said it was the way she had learned to look at things as she grew older. So it must be the spectacles.'—'Australian Spectator.'

Correspondence

COMPOSITION ON SPARROWS.

(By Charles Pitman, age 14.)

The sparrow is a well known bird in Canada, and still better known in England. The bird is the size of a good-sized canary, being a grayish color. These birds at first live in the city, but as they get more numerous they spread farther into the country. They are a great trouble to farmers, by shelling the wheat and all sorts of grains.

In England the farmers hire little boys to keep these birds off the grain with a gun. This sort of work is called 'Bird keeping,' but many have remarked that the little boys are not keeping birds, but they are starving them.

The nest is made mostly of hay and feathers, and often is built above the rafters of a barn or under the eaves of a house.

I know of one sparrow that crossed the Atlantic on a steamship.

A few months ago, I paid a visit to England, starting from Quebec on the 23rd day of September, on the Allan Line Royal Mail Steamship 'Tunisian,' sailing for Liverpool, England.

After leaving Rimouski (the last place you can post a letter going down the St. Lawrence), a sparrow was seen on board the ship, flitting about looking as comfortable as possible. He was so tame, that he would almost let anybody pick him up. The sparrow was quite contented with his lot. When we reached Moville, Ireland, where a little tug boat came out to receive the mails, the sparrow went ashore, not one bit the worse for his adventure. This is rather a curious thing, but nevertheless it is true.

L. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have just started to take the 'Messenger,' and find it very interesting. We are keeping the 'Messenger,' and intend to make a book of it. I am twelve years of age, and go to school every day. I am in Grade VIII.

I think I can answer the puzzle that Gertrude Keon gave. It is an icicle. Now I will give one. Why is a merchant like a dog catching his tail?

LOTTIE PATTON

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We are all glad the spring has come at last. I have seen the new story in the 'Witness,' and like it very much. I was so sorry that the story 'On the firing line' was ended. It was a nice story, indeed. I saw in the 'Messenger' that a boy wanted to know how many letters there are in the Bible. There are three million five hundred and sixty-six thousand five hundred and eighty. How many readers know how many times the word 'Jehovah' appears in the Bible? Which is the middle verse in the Old Testament? Well, I think I must close now, hoping to see the answer to my questions.

E. B. BRODIE.

A WORD PICTURE.

(By Olive Haggerty.)

Bessie and Bossie seem to be great friends. Bessie is standing on the lower rail of the fence, leaning over to feed Bossy. She is neatly dressed, as a little girl should be, in a calico dress, a white apron, and a broad brimmed hat. She clings to the fence rail with one hand, and holds out to Bossy with the other a large red apple, which I think she gathered from the tree above her.

Bossie, too, is neatly dressed, as a little calf should be, in a spotted suit of brown and white. He seems to feel no fear of Bessie, but puts his head boldly forward to get the fruit.

In the background may be seen the farm frame house, shaded by trees and surrounded by meadows.

It is a peaceful scene.

(See picture by Writer.)

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Trillium.' Everett Shapland (7), C., Ont.
2. "Horse's head.' W. P. Dickson (13).
3. 'Sunrise.' Susie Hill (12), C., Ont.
4. 'Sunflower,' Nellie F. Y. (7), H.
5. 'School desk.' Emerson Walker, B., Ont.
6. 'Bessie and Bossie.' Olive Haggerty.
7. 'Our little flower girl.' Hazel C. Moke, N.L., Ont.
8. 'Johnnie Canuck.' H. Sanderson (12), F., Ont.
9. 'Wild orange lily.' Lily S. A. Stewardson (10), G., Ont.
10. 'Ship under sail' (olden times ship). Stirling J. Johnston (9), S., Ont.
11. 'Bessie.' Grace Mathewson (10).
12. 'Elephant.'
13. 'Swan.' May Moltke (13), N. L., Ont.
14. 'Getting out of harbor.' Mac Waters (11), B., Ont.

PATIENCE LEADS TO SUCCESS.

(By Pearl Gardner.)

It was late in the afternoon of a delightful October day. The sun was setting. The trees were decked in a most beautiful garment of various colors. A little bird was alighting to a branch of one of these trees. It was telling its little ones in bird-like fashion that they had better be moving on to a warmer climate.

On this particular day in a shabby cottage, there lay a woman that you could tell at once was but a ghost of her former self. She had been a beautiful person in her younger days, but her beauty gave place to an anxious and haggard countenance as she lay there, her life ebbing away. The room did not look very pleasant. In the middle of the room stood a little table on which was a bunch of nice flowers some kind friend had brought in. There were a couple of broken chairs. On a shelf in the corner of the room was placed an old Bible. As the sick woman's eyes wandered around the room her attention was attracted by her little son's sweet voice, asking if she felt better. 'No, my darling,' said his mother. 'I think I will be out of pain in a very short time. I am going to join your little sister up in Heaven where God reigns King.'

The boy was seated on a little stool by her side. So when she had finished speaking the child laid his bright curly head on his mother's breast, and sobbed as if his heart would break. Poor, Joe. If his mother died he would have very little love shown him, as his father was reckless and would do anything for a glass. He would not listen to his son's earnest pleading to stay in just for tonight to keep poor mother company. The mother told Joe to speak to him. 'Now my son,' said Mrs. Kent, in a very feeble voice, 'I know I will not have very long to speak, as I feel I am going fast, but I would not mind going if I thought you were all right. You are all I have, my poor motherless child. I will leave you in God's hands, and I know He will tenderly watch over you. But remember, my son, when you get older, I want it to be the greatest aim in your life to bring your father on the right path. His son might be more successful than his wife was with her useless pleading. I know God will help you if you ask him. The child listened with an earnest expression on his face. The mother went on, 'Up on the shelf yonder lies the last present my father gave me before he died. I could never find the time to read it after I got home from washing every day. Get up on the chair, Joe, and get it down. I am too weak to read from it, but you can read to me.' He could read a little. Very slowly he started to read from the big book. After he had read about half a dozen verses he noticed that his listener was not very attentive. He looked up to see the reason. The sight he saw was heart-rending. There on the sofa lay the motionless figure of his poor mother. She had slipped away out of this world into the one above where there is no sorrow or pain. The poor forsaken child was too much afraid to scream at the sight of his dead mother's white face. At last he got up enough courage to go up and kiss the cold brow. 'My poor mother,' he sobbed. When Mary Jones came in a couple of hours later to inquire after the sick woman, she was horrified to find that poor little Joe was lying on the floor by the sofa on which was lying his mother's motionless figure. She tried to rouse him, but all in vain. He was unconscious. She hurried for a glass of water which brought him to.

The father came in that night and found his dead wife with his golden-haired son lying on the floor by her side. Although John Kent had a hard heart, this scene softened it to a great extent as he gazed at the figure of his little son, all that was left to make life worth living. The love which was hidden deep down in his heart seemed to come out, and he took his child in his arms and kissed him. Then he said, 'You are all I have left in the world, Joe. My poor motherless child,' and as the tears trickled town his cheeks he said, 'God has punished me.'

'Papa,' said the little child to his father one day, after Mrs. Kent was laid in her grave to rest, 'Mother's dying wish was that I should try to teach you the right way to live. She said I had not the power myself, but that I must ask my Heavenly Father for help.' I promised I would. Then she said more to herself than to me.'

The child's earnest pleading seemed to have very great effect. From that hour Mr. Kent was a changed man. You can picture to yourself his handsome son, taking him by the hand and leading him into the church. He often tells his son of the resemblance he has to his mother. Then the boy would say, 'Not only would I like to look like her, but also to live like her, she was so good.' As he crept nearer the Saviour he became a blessing and a comfort to his father. He did not succeed at first, but by constant prayer and patiently fighting on he did succeed. This is what is to be gained by being patient. Patience leads to success!

M. D., N.B.

Dear Editor,—What is it that gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bills?

ANNIE GREGG.

LESSON VI.—MAY 6, 1906.

The Parable of the Tares.

Matthew xiii., 24-30; 36-43.

Golden Text.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. vi., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 30.—Matt. xiii.,24-30; 36-43.

Tuesday, May 1.—Matt. xiii., 44-53.

Wednesday, May 2.—Mark iv., 21-29.

Thursday, May 3.—Mark iv., 30-41.

Friday, May 4.—Gen. iii., 1-8.

Saturday, May 5.—Matt. xxv., 31-46.

Sunday, May 6.—Rev. xx., 11-15.

(By Davis W Clark).

It is true yet in a sense that without a parable Jesus does not speak to the world. His whole system is a dark saying to the human mind naturally. Open eye, attentive ear, understanding heart, alone apprehend His meaning. There is need of moral earnestness which cries: 'Explain to us the parable.' . . . The parable of the wheat and tares is fundamental. It has been called a 'brief and simple moral history of the world.' It contains 'the ground question of the philosophy of all times relating to the origin of evil.' . . .The parable of the wheat and tares is existence of good or evil in this world apart from personality. Moral qualities have human souls as their only sphere. Virtue and sin root and bring forth fruit in men. Thus Jesus says, 'The good seed are the children of the kingdom, but the tares are the children of the wicked one.' . . . Those who with the docility of children have come to Jesus, to learn of Him and have His kingdom set up within, have become the wheat with which the Lord has sown the earth. So the tares are the children of the wicked one. Evil roots itself in human souls. . . . As we look out and see a thousand million growing together as wheat and tares in this vast field, this age-long antagonism, this dread and poisonous admixture, we exclaim in language of the servants of the householder, 'Didst thou not sow good seed? From when hath it tares?' Jesus dismisses this purely speculative question with the declaration, 'An enemy hath done this.' After a thousand volumes have been written on the origin of evil, we shall just know as much of it as Christ has told us here. Sin is here. Its deadly effects are apparent. The question is not so much, 'How did sin get into the world?' as, 'How may we get it out of the world?' Jesus cautions the disciples against an attempted mechanical and forcible purification of the world. 'Let both grow!' What rivers of blood would have remained unshed had the church always been guided by the teaching of this parable! . . . The present is a probationary period, in which change of character is possible. As St Augustine suggests, 'Those who are tares to-day may be wheat to-morrow.' Again the opportunity is afforded to prove one's goodness genuine by steadfastness. As Daub affirms, 'The enemy can put into the wheat the tendency to become tares.' Only at the end of one's probation, when full proof of goodness or badness is made, can a final separation be effected. This will be done by the hand of Omnipotence, guided by unerring wisdom. . . . The general judgment is the official announcement, in the court of heaven and to the intelligences of the universe, of the destiny each soul has made for itself in its probationary state. . . . Then shall the righteous shine forth as if up to that time they had been under a cloud in their present unavoidable association with the evil.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The world is Jesus' own field. He has never relinquished or alienated His claim. He holds it by triple tenure—creation, preservation, redemption. . . . Twenty centuries have had reason to be grateful for the earnestness of the apostles which extracted from Jesus the key to this fundamental parable. . . . The demand for a perfect church on earth is unphilosophical. The effort to produce one by hasty and arbitrary means leads to persecution. A relative goodness only can be attained in the present probationary state. . . . Some are offended because of this unavoidable mixture of good and evil in the church. The servants of the householder were not so affected. They did not desert him because his field contained both wheat and tares. . . . The sorting time comes later. But it comes! After sinners have inveterately resisted grace which would have converted them from tares to wheat, they will be removed. . . . After the Christian has resisted temptation, arising from the mixed condition of the world and the proximity of the tares, and proven the intelligence and persistence of his choice, he shall be gathered as wheat into the barn.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 6.—Topic—Among the wheat or the tares: where am I? Matt. xiii., 24-30. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

A BLESSED HOME.

Monday, April 30.—David's lament. II. Sam. i., 17-27.

Tuesday, May 1.—David's prosperity. II. Sam. iii., 1.

Wednesday, May 2.—David crowned king. II. Sam. v., 1-10.

Thursday, May 3.—Bringing back the ark. —II. Sam. vi., 1-5.

Friday, May 4.—Uzzah's irreverence. II. Sam. vi., 6-10.

Saturday, May 5.—Blessings to the faithful. Prov. xxviii., 20.

Sunday, May 6.—Topic—A home God blessed, and why. II. Sam. vi., 11. (Consecration meeting.)

Mr. Marvin's Sunday School Class.

(C. J. Young, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'We have had a revival in our Sunday school,' said a friend, sitting down by my side during the noon intermission at a recent religious convention, 'and I know you want to hear about it. It took us all by surprise when it broke out in Mr. Marvin's class.'

'And who is Mrs Marvin?'

'Oh, don't you know? one of our young business men. He has been with us something over a year. He is genial, very agreeable, an active Christian, and did not hesitate to say at first that he loved the Sunday school and would be glad of the privilege of gathering in a class .

'"There is one ready for you," said the superintendent. "Mrs. Snow, who has been the teacher for years, is ill, and I have been afraid that no one else could hold them in the school. They are bright, unconverted boys, belonging to good families, who have remained in Sunday school more from habit than because they were really interested. I think you are just the one to make a permanent impression upon them."

'The boys were all fond of each other, and they liked the new teacher. He made the lesson interesting, and as opportunity offered had his soul's salvation, but none of the boys seemed to be particularly impressed.

'After nearly a year of this kind of work there came a very rainy Sunday, when, aside in the school, and as the talk wandered somewhat from the lesson Mr. Marvin asked the boys why they thought Jesus Christ came into the world. After a little thought they gave various answers: "To bear our sins," "That the prophecies might be fulfilled," "To sympathize with us," "To show us how to live"; and one added, "I have been thinking for some time that I am not living just as Christ would have me live."

'"I don't think any of us are," said another.

'"Had I been on earth when He was I hope I should have been one of His followers, but I am not now," said still another.

'"You may be if you will," said the teacher, very gently. "The rain is pouring so that we cannot go home just yet. Every one else has gone; shall we not make a new departure, and, while we all kneel, ask the Lord to help us all to follow very closely after Him?"

'When the sexton's son, who was about the age of these boys, came up the stairs a few minutes later, after banking the fires for the evening service, what was his surprise to see Mr. Marvin and his boys on their knees.

'"They are praying!" he thought; and so moved was he by the sight that he went softly forward and knelt in a pew very near them. When they arose and went silently away, they did not notice him. That evening in the prayer-meeting, to every one's astonishment, this boy arose and said: "I feel that this day has been born within my heart, and it all came about through my happening to hear Mr. Marvin and his boys very solemnly offering this prayer, one after another: O Jesus, who came to seek and to save lost souls, save me, and help me to walk very closely after Thee. I thought, if that prayer will help them it may help me, for I have been very much dissatisfied with myself lately; so I knelt near them, and after they went out, and it came on to rain so very hard again, I remained there upon my knees. I did not get comfort from saying it once or twice, but the longer I said it the more heart I put into it, and at length a great joy came to my soul, and now I feel myself to be, indeed, one of those to whom the Lord called, Follow thou me."

'Mr. Marvin and his boys were sitting together, as was their usual custom at evening meeting; a look of intelligence passed between them, and they all stood up.

'First one testified and then another, all admitting in some way that for a long time they had been secretly dissatisfied with their manner of living.

'Then Mr. Marvin said: "For some time now I have been feeling that I have not been doing my best by my boys. To-day I made a special effort to draw them out, feeling that their hearts were in such close sympathy that if one would express a desire to lead a Christian life the others would follow. I went home almost discouraged this afternoon; but the Lord blessed my effort through this lad, to whom I now extend a heartfelt though tardy invitation to become one of our number."

'This called out many other confessions and testimonies from teachers and pupils in all grades, and the Holy Spirit came in and stirred all hearts so effectually that every session of the Sunday school service has ended with a short prayer-meeting, and many of the pupils have expressed a wish to unite with the church. It has stirred us all up. Can't you write out the story and send it far and wide? There may be other schools where there is a pent-up longing to come nearer Christ, which is smothered because no one makes a special effort to break the crust of timidity, formality, or coldness that keeps the pupils from coming forward naturally and graduating into the church.'—'American Messenger.'

Do not Wait for Some One Else.

A story is told of a king who tested his subjects by placing a large stone in the centre of the street near his place. Various people avoided it or stumbled over it, each complaining of the 'lazy people,' who left it there. When it was clear that no one would remove it voluntarily, the king called those who had avoided the stone to the place, and with his own hands removed the stone while they looked on. Under the stone was a box containing gold and treasures marked 'for him who moves this stone.' The application to your life is plain. Never shunt a duty. Never complain because somebody else has not done what you ought to do. Grapple with difficulties for the sake of the treasures they conceal.—Selected.

When God Thinks Best.

There's an end to the burdens of souls unblest,
When God thinks best!
He will pluck every thorn from the aching breast,
He will lay them tenderly down to rest,
And roses shall bloom from the clay, spade-prest,
When God thinks best!

For that end that will come we must watch and wait,
Be we little or great.
We must stand by the highway, and stand by the gate,
For we know not the quarter, and know not the date,
But, if we be watching, ah, happy our fate!
Be we little or great.

—Angelus.

[For the 'Messenger.']

Dr. Morton's Conversion.

(By Clara Speight.)

'Well, Minnie, anything wrong? Were you not able to get the roses you wished for the party this evening?'

'Oh, I got the flowers all right. But what do you think of this?' she said, holding up a large envelope and also a smaller one. 'Returned with thanks. It is a wonder that very gentlemanly editor did not say the broom and duster would be more suited to me than the pen. I wonder if I can ever feel a debt of gratitude for taking a little conceit out of me. I could imagine on my way from the Post Office that my hat fitted loosely. The bump of conceit being considerably lessened,' said Minnie Parker a little bitterly. 'There is a party to-night. And I had planned to have such a lovely time, my, but I will enjoy myself.'

'Why, Minnie, what is all the trouble,' said a gentle voice. 'Oh! Mrs. Walton, I beg your pardon. I did not see you before. I am so glad you are here. You see I have had a few short stories accepted, and because of that I began to think I was a born author. When lo! my air castles have tumbled down.'

'Did you ever hear the story of my brother's conversion, Minnie?' 'Dr. Morton, of New York?' asked the girl. 'No, I do not think I ever did. Oh! Mrs. Walton, would you please tell me, and let me write it? You see people like real true stories.' 'That was what I was thinking of when I asked you,' said her friend.

The little village of Merriton, where we lived, was not as it is now, when we lived there over forty years ago it was nearly all bush. The one tavern as it was then called, held many attractions for the boys of the village, my brother being among the number. It began to be noticed that one, Jim Austin, was not in the habit of dropping in as usual. Jim Austin had been converted. How it had happened they never knew, but he had certainly turned over a new leaf, as the people of Merriton were saying. He went to church regularly, and never touched intoxicating liquors, while before, well, before he was simply the lowest type of drunkard to be found anywhere. It had seemed such a pity, for he was still young, hardly twenty-three.

Many a night, although only Jim and his old companions knew it, he had been coaxed to come and have a drink with them, but he steadily refused. Then they tried to torment him. They called him a coward. They told him he was afraid to fight. 'It is not that boys,' said Jim, 'but if I can't do any good, I'll not do any harm,' and so they had to leave him.

'I'll tell you what, boys,' said one of the fellows that belonged to Jim's former gang. 'You see if we fellows can't get our heads together and form a plan to get that fellow, Jim Austin, back again. Why, he used to be a jolly good fellow, and it's a shame to lose him. Indeed we just won't.' At last a plan was hit upon. They knew that Jim used to go over to old Mrs. Brown's every night after work to cut and carry in her wood, as her son was seriously ill, and the old lady herself had rheumatism. 'And boys,' said one, 'it will likely be about ten o'clock when he gets back, and you know he has to go through Osley's Wood, so we'll fix him one way or another. At first we'll ask him to have a drink, quietly with us, and if he refuses, why, then's our time to show him what's what.'

* * * *

Jim Austin, after work on the evening that the gang's plan was to come into effect, went as usual to see Mrs. Brown, and after giving her any assistance he could, started for home. As he went, this verse kept coming almost unconsciously into his mind. 'Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.' Poor lad, he did not know that ere another hour passed he would be sorely tempted, and would find those words of great comfort to him.

Just as Jim reached the clearing, at the edge of the bush he was hailed by some one. He stopped, and in a minute he was approached by his old chum, Pete Waller. 'Come Jim, we just saw you, and thought we would like you to come and have a drop with us.' 'No thanks, Peter, I must hurry home.' But as he made an attempt to go he was gripped by the shoulder, and immediately half a dozen of his old companions surrounded him, first coaxing, and then, finding that to be of no avail, they tried to force him. But Jim Austin hadn't taken his stand for Christ for nothing, and again he thought of that little verse, and determined to be a man. The struggle lasted for quite a while, until at last the leader, who deep down in his heart could not help admiring Jim's manly ways, called, 'Oh! well, let the baby go home!' The cry was echoed by each of the other five drunkards. But Jim did not care. He knew if man did not reward him that the Master would.

When Jim got home he went straight to his room, and getting down on his knees, as the tears and blood, from a cut in the forehead received in the struggle, together trickled down his face, he said, 'Oh, Father, why am I tempted when I am so weak. It seems more than I can bear. I am so miserable not doing myself or anyone any good? Oh, my Father, please give me strength.' It seemed as if for answer came the words into his mind, 'The Lord will give strength unto his people.'

That night, just as he was preparing for bed, after washing the blood from the cut, he heard the fire bell. Hastily pulling on his boots, he bounded out of the door, calling to a passerby, 'Where's the fire.' 'Mickle's Tavern,' was the answer. Down the street he ran to see if he could be of any assistance.

The fire was already gaining on them. Cries were heard from the bar-room within, but no man seemed willing to risk his life.

At last one of the crowd went. It was Jim.

Nearly blinded with smoke, he wended his way towards the bar-room. There were his old enemies, half stupid with whiskey and almost helpless, calling for help. Revenge is sweet, and he almost determined to let them suffer, but quick as a flash came these words into his mind. 'But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' So, staggering under his burden, he assisted one of his enemies to the door. Back he went again. At last all but one were safe. He went to go back, there was a crash of falling timber, and he knew no more.

* * * *

When he awoke he was in his own room, and in his own bed. All looked misty and strange to him. His mother was bending over him.

'What is it all about, mother? I can't just remember,' he asked her.

'Hush, dear, keep quiet, you will be all right. You were badly hurt and burned by falling timber.'

On the other side of his bed were standing—was he dreaming? No, it was his old comrades, or rather enemies. Their hearts were not too hard to be melted, and the recent scene was still present in their mind. As they stood there, every spark of manhood that remained in them was awakened.

'Mother.' 'Yes, dear, I'm here. What can I do to help you?' 'I'm going to leave you.' 'Why no, my man,' said the kind faced doctor, but as he felt his pulse his face changed. 'Yes, comrades, come here, and you come too, mother.' 'Oh, Jim, don't leave us. We need you badly. We're so sorry, forgive us. We'll show by the way we live that we are sorry.' 'No, lads, I know you did it under the influence of liquor, and I've asked God to forgive you and to help you to manfully overcome that awful evil. And to you, mother, I wish I had been a better lad. And I am asking God that the rest of your sons may be more worthy than I was. My mission on earth is done, and I long to go home.

Jim fell into a peaceful sleep. His friends watched all night for a change for the better, but none came, and in the morning he passed to his home where the weary find rest.

Six men who were once drunkards are today zealous Christians, and two of the youngest of them went back to school, and the one of them is now a minister striving to win lost souls for God, while the other one, who is my brother, is a successful doctor.

'Oh, Mrs. Walton,' said Minnie, as the tears streamed down her cheeks, 'What a noble character he must have been. Thank you so much. I will certainly write that story.'

Unexpected!

The story is told of a poor woman who once went to a saloon in search of her husband.

She found him there, and setting a covered dish, which she had brought with her, upon the table, she said:—

'Thinking that you are too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought you yours,' and departed.

With a laugh the man invited his friends to dine with him; but, on removing the cover from the dish, he found only a slip of paper, on which was written:—

'I hope you will enjoy your meal. It is the same as your family have at home.'

Whiskey is a good thing in its place. There is nothing like it for preserving a man when he is dead. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a live man, put whiskey in him.—Henry Ward Beecher.

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or to some other friend.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

HOUSEHOLD.

Among the Flowers.

(Helen M. Winslow, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

Few women there be who are not interested in flowers, and most of us love an old-fashioned flower garden. But do you know that in spite of the bloom and fragrance of garden flowers many people in olden times, even in the eighteenth century, looked upon the cultivation of flowers as a species of vanity. Only a small number of the herbs then prized are now cultivated, but the few genuine garden flowers of those by-gone days have increased a thousand-fold.

Many plants then considered beautiful and cultivated by 'vain' persons among their homely herbs are now looked upon as obnoxious weeds. That troublesome weed which ruins acres of good meadow land and is known by the significant title of 'the devil's paint brush,' was cultivated by 'vain ladies' in the eighteenth century, and known as the 'artist's paint brush.'

The first decided step toward the scientific cultivation of flowers as an art was in 1822, when the 'Encyclopedia of Gardening,' by J. C. London, was published. The gardeners of those days, who were ignorant men, regarded it as 'injurious to trade' and raised an outcry against the book. It lifted gardening, however, to an intelligent skill, demanding botanical knowledge and kindred requirements.

The genuine flower lover, if she possesses a country home, with spacious grounds about it, will not forget the old-fashioned shrubs so beloved by children—white and purple lilacs, roses, springas, flowering almonds and snowballs. She will also have a large corner for the quaint, old-fashioned plants of the past generation, a wild flower bed, and last but not least, a small bed of useful herbs, such as are appreciated as seasonings to-day. This herb bed should be cultivated near the kitchen door, where it can be easily reached when seasonings are wanted.

A 'Rockery' can be easily made on any lawn, city or country, and is very picturesque, if correctly designed and carried out. The rockery should simulate nature's own work in some old forest. Its size should be consistent with the size of the garden. It should seldom be more than two or three feet high in the average home garden. There is no feature of a lawn that can be made more interesting than this rockery overgrown, as it should be, with all varieties of tiny vines and creepers; its crevices filled with rich earth and planted with small garden plants. The fuchsia, which loves a cool, shady place, will blossom to perfection in the shadow of rock work. Blue lobelias, pansies, Kenilworth ivies, colie periwinkles, a clump of forget-me-nots and one or two soft colored geraniums are suitable and attractive for rockeries. Sensitive plants are always an interesting addition, and will grow well in some out of the way corner beneath the shade of a stone. A rockery of wild flowers is also attractive if cultivated by a woman who not only has taste and skill in arrangement, but who understands the peculiar conditions under which each variety grows in the forest.

One thing that city women ought to realize, even more than their sisters in the country, is that both malaria and mosquitoes are bred in more parlors than could be easily imagined. One woman, who has looked into this, says:

'I was very much surprised by being shown by a mosquito expert that a barrel of water which I kept in my garden for convenience's sake bred thousands of mosquitoes. He demonstrated the fact by squirting some kerosene into the water, whereupon any number of embryo mosquitoes rose to the surface, curled themselves up in agonized little rings and died. I refused to give up my water supply, which saved me much time and trouble, but I sprayed it once a week with a mosquito germ destroyer, and covered it with a netted top.

'This year I have made another discovery, and that is that mosquitoes will breed in the house if there is standing water of any kind. Last week in the drawing room for several nights the family was annoyed by

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mosquitoes. This surprised me, as there were few, if any, outdoors, and all the doors and windows had had all their summer netting put in place. There were a good many plants in the room—palms, ferns, etc.—which I attended to myself, and I began my investigations by examining the earthern saucers under the pots. In each of these I found some standing water, and by pouring a few drops of kerosene into it found the larvae of mosquitoes.

An aquatic plant, which was the joy of my heart, I strongly suspected of being the main cause of the trouble. Its water supply I could not doctor without injuring the plant, so I covered it with a netting. I then killed all the mosquitoes I could find in the room, and after that we were not troubled, so I think they must have bred in the house.

'Another point,' she continued, 'which housekeepers should, in my opinion, pay more attention to, is the miasma which unchanged water in the many vases and bowls undoubtedly generates. In many houses the floral decorations are arranged by the servants, who have the habit of saving trouble by pulling out faded flowers, and substituting others, and by adding a little water to the vases. A woman whose house is a perfect bower of flowers told me she kept her supply fresh looking this way,—"and only once a week," she added, do I have all the receptacles washed and refilled with water."

'Well, I happened to be stopping with her when one of these weekly changes was in process, and I assure you the odor from the water tainted by the decaying stalks was simply dreadful! "Isn't it odd," said my hostess, who was pouring out the water from each vase into a bucket held by a maid, "that some of the loveliest and most fragrant flowers taint the wtter most disgustingly?" It did not seem to occur to her that water like that, standing in the rooms, might be unwholesome.'

Go, now, and look at your vases filled with cut flowers,—and malaria!

Selected Recipes.

DRIED FRUITS.

Raisins.—I place raisins first—the best are the common reddish kind—called by the grocers Valencias. They are probably the most nourishing of all fruits. One pound of such raisins contains, it is claimed, more strength, more muscle and blood making material than the same weight of beef or mutton, or any other flesh food. Try them. Take them fresh as you buy them, with a little bread, and some milk or cocoa to drink, and a few slices of lemon or an apple, and just eat as much as you feel inclined, and keep it up for a little while and you will be delighted with the result. They may also be taken stewed in a little water—but do not stone them before cooking, and take care to preserve all the juice—with a wheaten pudding or brown toast and butter. They are also good in puddings, plenty of them, of all kinds, and are most valuable to young children and to those who have to do long walking and much hard exercise. I have used them for many years when travelling. It is best to crush and eat a few of the stones or pips when taking them uncooked. The stones are rich in very useful qualities.

Dates.—I consider dates to be almost, if not quite, as useful as raisins. I am surprised that they are not more widely used. Very wholesome kinds can be obtained almost anywhere at a moderate price. One pound of dates and two pounds of bread per day would be quite sufficient to sustain the life and health of an average man. I advise that dates be used at mid-day meal. A plate of vegetable stew, followed by six ounces of dates, eaten with an apple or some biscuits, would make a capital dinner, especially for those whose work takes them into offices or mills, and does not afford them much exercise. Dates are delightfully agreeable with nuts of any kind, especially brazils, with which I like to eat them.—Selected.

COOKING OF DRIED FRUITS.—The successful cooking of dried fruits is only attained by long soaking and slow cooking. Wash the fruit well and soak in cold water over night. Take out the fruit, add sugar to the water and boil, skimming carefully. Put the fruit back into the water, and simmer until tender. Dried fruit cooked in this way bears no resemblance to the tough, messy dish which is usually served.

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One Left.

The one babe lost is the one babe left;
The others are grown and gone away;
So cruel it seemed when first bereft,
Yet the lost is the only one left to-day!

I watched them grow out of my longing arms,
While each in turn lost the baby face;
The years fled away with those wincome charms,
And manhood and womanhood took their place.

And now they've made them homes of their own,
While I by the fireside rock and dream:
And, oh, I should be so all alone,
Did not the past like the present seem!

But, while I am rocking, my babe again,
That I lost, far off in the dimming years,
I clasp with the joy that is kin to pain,
And water my dusty heart with tears.

—Minot J. Savage.

Dressing.

We are what we made ourselves and no girl or woman should resign herself to being a draggled drudge all her days. Of course, rough, heavy work does not demand elegant or even tasteful clothing; but if girls will be prompt and energetic, every night ought to see the heavy work done in time for a girl to wash herself and put on some tasteful, pleasant clothing. Not 'any old thing,' but a clean, fresh shirt waist, a neat, whole, clean skirt, some pretty ribbon or tie and a nice white apron. 'Oh, I can't be bothered,' says the weary girl; but just give it a trial, and you will find the wash and change of dress have rested you, and you can take up a book or your sewing with keener interest and enjoyment. It is due to yourselves, girls, once in every day to be seen respectable, neat and tidy and to forget for a time the burdens and duties of life. You will do your work better, quicker and more accurately if you make an effort daily to secure the time for this change. It may cost a little money, but you can easily spare that from your Sunday clothes, which are, quite often, as much too smart as the working ones are too shabby and dilapidated.—'Ups and Downs.'

Beef Cuts and Their Geography.

Most housewives do not understand the terms used by the butcher to describe the various cuts into which a carcass of beef is divided. Therefore, they do not always know what they are buying. Here is some information on the subject.

The whole beef is split into halves, following the centre of the backbone or vertebral column from tail to neck. Each half contains a hind and a forequarter.

The forequarter is then cut from the hindquarter. These are the processes of the wholesaler. The 'fores' and 'hinds,' as they are called, are now ready for the retailer.

The forequarter is cut into two parts—the rack, consisting of a set of ribs, and the chuck, or shoulder proper up to and including the eighth rib.

The eighth rib cut shows the blade gristle only on one side. The ninth rib is usually called a chuck roast.

The rack is cut into prime rib, standing or rolled roasts.

The chuck is a complicated piece of meat when cut into kitchen pieces by the butcher. Its anatomy yields the following pieces for cooking: Oven and pot roasts, boneless chuck steaks and chuck roasts, cut free of bone and metamorphosed into top and lower Saratoga roasts. The lower cut is the more tender. It has the eye piece, which somewhat resembles the eye of a porterhouse rolled roast.

The chuck yields still more cuts to the wizard of the cleaver. There the soup and stewing pieces, plate, navel and brisket pieces for corning, oven and pot roasts, made by removing the flesh from the shoulder bones, and chuck steaks cut from the cross rib. In the above disguises the word 'chuck' loses all of its plebeian character.

The hindquarter is less complicated, but its dissection is interesting to the culinary economist. This part of the beef carcass is cut in two; the loin of the beef and the round, consisting of the leg, top and bottom round, rump and flank.

Now comes a steak rollcall. The loin of beef is cut by the butcher into top sirloin steaks, boneless sirloin steaks, porterhouse steaks and roasts. Then there are 'à la mode' top round cuts, bottom round cuts for pot roasts and corned beef. The rump goes into steaks and corning pieces, flank steaks and rolled flank pot roasts or corning pieces.

If the housekeeper is mystified by the shop vernacular it is because she has not learned the 'geography of the beef cuts' as a Boston culinary student put it. By not knowing her alphabet the purchaser is often imposed upon and made to pay a higher price for an artistically arranged piece of very cheap meat.—New York 'Sun.'

About Little Things.

The question is: What are really little things? Not always those which seem to be of the least importance. This is why it becomes necessary to be very careful in training young people as to their daily habits, and to set before them only the most careful example. A lady was surprised the other day at hearing her little son speak disapprovingly of a young man whom she never supposed the little lad knew much about. The parents were speaking of him rather highly, when the boy said,

'Oh, mamma, I don't like him very well.'

'But why not?' he was asked.

'He has sat in front of me at two or three entertainments,' the boy replied, 'and the backs of his boots never are clean.'

The mother laughed, and was greatly amused at such penetration on the part of a mere child. It did not at once occur to her that the habits of neatness and cleanliness perfectly natural to her, had, through her constant teachings, been transmitted to so young a boy. This was only another expression of the same sentiment spoken by another little lad, who said he could not bear to touch a book that Willie L— had been using, because Willie soon got his books so dirty. The parents of the boy had not been in the habit of making dog's ears in books, of getting covers loose by rough handling, or of getting pages soiled with unwashed hands.

I once visited in a family where the mother did not approve of 'picking' at children, as the expression goes. Two or three boys came in from school, threw their caps on the table, the lounge, or the first convenient landing place. One cap, that went rolling under the lounge, was allowed to remain there. On arising from the dinner table, the table and its surroundings were a sight to behold. Napkins were tossed unfolded anywhere, beside the plates, or in the chairs, just where they happened to fall. What a blessing to mother, father and children it would have been could some one have ventured to hint to that mother the difference between picking and training!

'What a slouchy man Mr. M—— is,' a lady said the other day.

'Yes, and he was a slouchy boy,' was the quick reply.

There could be no question that the early education in that man's home had been defective in many or most of the little things that go toward making up fine, cultivated ideas and habits. It will happen, in some cases, that a young person of considerable observation will recognize and correct habits of carelessness formed at home, but as a rule the habits formed in youth will cling to one after years of maturity have been reached. The home, and the home table, should be chiefly the places where the girls of the household should learn lessons of thrift and neatness lasting them through life, but I recall the case of a young girl who spent a few years away from the home of her parents, and on her return was greatly troubled at the way the dishes were placed in the closet. There was no system, no order; things were put in one place to-day, in another to-morrow.

'It's no use,' the girl said in discouragement; 'I can't do things in that way. I don't know how to.'

'Very well, arrange them to suit yourself,' was the reply, and the mother was perfectly astonished to not only see how pleasing it was to the eye to have every dish in its own proper place, but it was matter of astonishment also to find how far more convenient it was to have a place for everything in the dish closet and everything kept in its place.

Washing Made Easy.

It is possible, it is claimed, to wash clothes, and to wash them well at that, without rubbing, no matter how soiled the garments may be. This is the method as described by one who has tested it:

Take half a bottle of household ammonia and put to it an equal part of spirits of turpentine. To a medium sized boiler of clothes you would want two or three table-spoonfuls of this.

The method of washing with scarcely any labor, is as follows: Put the clothes to soak overnight or not, just as you wish. I do not. On the washing morning, take the clothes just as they are if you have not soaked them previously and put them in your boiler. Cover with cold water and add half a bar of soap shaved, two or three spoons of the ammonia and turpentine preparation, according to the size of the boiler. Let them come to a boil, and boil for ten, or possibly fifteen minutes, then take up, rinse thoroughly, and blue as usual. You will find that no rubbing is necessary. Even very dirty articles will need scarcely a rub. I never use a washboard now, for a few rubs between the hands will settle any extra soiled spots. The terrors of wash day will have departed. The clothes will wash themselves while you are at breakfast.—Boston 'Globe.'

Tender Feet.

Girls who serve in shops and others whose occupation keeps them on their feet a great deal, often are troubled with chafed, sore and blistered feet, no matter how comfortably their shoes may fit. A powder used in the German army for sifting into the shoes and stockings of foot soldiers is called 'fusstreupulver,' and consists of three parts of salicylic acid, ten parts of starch, and eighty-seven parts of pulverised soapstone. Any chemist will make it up for a small sum. It keeps the feet dry, prevents chafing and rapidly heals sore spots. Finely pulverised soapstone only is very good. When the feet merely ache a very useful remedy may be found in the following: Take a teaspoonful of ordinary washing soda, dissolve it in half a gallon of warm water and bathe the feet in it for about half an hour. Repeat this from time to time. A hot water bath is also highly excellent for tired feet.—'American Queen.'

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Yours truly,

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St. Paul, Que.

Dear Sirs,—Please accept the hearty thanks of our school for the very handsome flag, which the 'Witness' has so kindly presented as a premium. The children feel abundantly rewarded for any trouble they took in securing subscribers. . . . . We have had several visitors already to see our flag, and the excellent quality of the materials used has received the admiration it merits. The seven books you sent us have proved a popular and acceptable addition to our library. . . . . .

Sincerely yours,

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